Encounter

Our Bomb and Theirs (III)

JOHN STRACHEY

Nuclear Chess

GORONWY REES

"The Great Good Place"

HERBERT LUTHY

Les Étrangers

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On Translating from the Japanese

HILARY A. MARQUAND

Report on Kenya

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Encounter

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ADVERTISEMENT

Two thousand families make this a family business

By Trevor Philpott, Sunday Times reporter

"CONSETT," the blast-furnaceman said over a pint in the Wheatsheaf, "is the 'plate-ends.' Further on there's nothing. Only the moors."

The stranger from the softer South is bound to be asking himself at first, "What makes people live here, fifteen steep miles from Newcastle, a thousand feet up on this windy hillside? What makes them stay? And if they leave, why do they nearly always come back?"

For that is what happens. Once a Consett man, they say, always a Consett man.

The town has grown up with steel. In 1840, when the sheep were still grazing over these hills, over the finest coking coal for hundreds of miles, Consett was a village of 195 souls. Now it has over seven thousand workers, and a production target of a million tons for 1958: steel plates four inches thick for atomic reactor shells, steel for the walls of supersonic wind tunnels, steel for railway wagons, boilers, bedplates, storage tanks; steel, above all, for the busy shipyards of the North-East coast.

Consett and its Iron Company have grown and prospered together. Grandfather, father, son and grandson, feel they have places there; so do uncles and cousins, daughters and daughters-in-law. It is a family business. And over two thousand families are in it.

The McCrory family is one of them. Tony, a sixteen-year-old boy labourer, stood on one of the steel plates and tried to remember how many relatives he had in the steelworks. "Do you mean all of them? Well there's Dad, up the Blast. And my brothers, Hughie on the Bessemer, Herbert in the fitting shop, John driving a crane, not counting Jimmy who's called up now, but will soon be back in the New Mill. Then I've got cousins and brothers-in-law, uncles – well, there were sixteen in my family you know, not counting Dad and Mam."

"I'd be lost"

JOHN MOSS, shift manager in the melting shop, stood beside one of his open-hearth furnaces and said with quiet pride, "Ay. It's a good job I've got and everybody here knows I worked hard enough to get it: progressively labourer, fourth hand, third hand, second hand . . . all the way through. Nobody's envious, everybody knows me. I'd be lost if I had to leave Consett. Dad was a first-hand melter here. Old George Moss, my grandfather, used to work on the furnaces when they fed 'em with hand charges, twenty-five tons at a time pushed in through the front door. Now we've got 150-ton furnaces and electrically-controlled casting cars and we get 20,000 tons a week."

Nobody lonely

IN the plate mill, Kenneth Hambleton was acting as assistant foreman. "My father worked the shears in this mill. And my grandfather worked here too. I've got six brothers and two sisters in the works, and Lord knows how many uncles and cousins."

"There's not a lonely person in Consett," said Hedley White, the shift foreman. "I've been lonely in the middle of London, but never here. In a big works like this, growing so fast, there's a job for every kind of chap. Some go away for experience and a few have itchy feet for a while, but they all seem to settle here eventually. On this shift I've got chaps who've been brought here by the local girls. The girls don't like going away either."

In the choirs, the sports teams, the dramatic groups, the young folks' and old folks' clubs that thrive in this isolated town, the people can play, as they work, amongst friends with whom the ties are generations strong. "And before you go," Hedley White went on, "take a look at some of the country around here . . . within a few minutes' walk of the works. We've got some jolly good cricketers and golfers amongst our lads – you'll see why."

The cricket ground, levelled out of the hillside and, still higher, the golf course, hung like two fantastic verandahs looking over one of the loveliest valleys in Britain. Beyond it, the hills are heaped faintly on the horizon all the way to the border.

Hidden on the other flank of the same hill are the tangled silhouettes of a steelworks, growing still, which provides this exposed working town with a security and warmth which many a spa and showplace will never have.

This personal report was invited by the British Iron & Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and the men who make it.

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Our Bomb and Theirs (III)

Nuclear Chess

John Strachey

I WILL try to carry on the discussion from the point at which Mr. Worsthorne and Mr. Crossman left it last month.

Mr. Worsthorne gave us a most striking account of the current Russian military thesis. As I understand it, the Russians, believing they have now attained effective nuclear parity, consider that they can, if they wish, impale the West on the following dilemma. They can become aggressive to a greater or lesser extent at some point of conflict. If the West takes them on with conventional forces, they can step up the ensuing hostilities to any necessary degree until they have overwhelmed the numerically weaker Western conventional forces. Then the West will be forced to decide whether to start nuclear war or not. If the West does so decide, the Russians believe that they will win even this nuclear struggle, because of their greater capacity to endure appalling losses and devastation.

It is not particularly to the point to criticise this Russian thesis. No doubt they forget that they were able to survive their vast losses in 1941 because of the massive aid supplied to them by America and Britain. They may be wrong in thinking that they would survive the outpouring upon them of the immense American nuclear stockpile. Whether they or anyone else would survive would no doubt depend upon such things as whether dirty or clean thermonuclear weapons were used, upon the direction of the wind, and other factors. In fact, I do not believe that the Russians or anybody else can know what would happen in such a Götterdammerung.

But all this is, in one sense, beside the point. If the Russians genuinely believe in their thesis, as they may do, and since testing whether they are right or wrong would involve Götterdammerung, they are undeniably in a position to present the West with the above dilemma. It is as if, in a game of infernal chess, the two Queens, *i.e.*, the thermonuclear weapons, had been swopped at the very outset. Then, with the Queens thus cancelled, the players enter into what I believe is called "the middle game," but played, in this case, only with pawns and main pieces, *i.e.*, conventional forces with or without tactical, or "battlefield," nuclears. At present the Russians probably have superiority for this middle game without the thermonuclear Queens.

Moreover, to pursue the chess analogy (which I do with great diffidence, being no chess player), there is also what I understand is called the "pawn game." In this game, already in active play, the players clash essentially through their pawns. For this pawn game, also, conventional and not thermonuclear forces are the relevant factor.

In logic there is clearly only one Western reply to this situation, and that is to make ourselves capable of self-defence on the conventional, "middle game" level. If we want to be safe from the Russians without having to resort to the Götterdammerung of nuclear

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warfare, we must provide ourselves with enough conventional forces to have a real prospect, at any rate, of holding the Russians at the conventional level so that they are unable to present us with the dilemma of surrender or of starting thermonuclear warfare.

It is usually assumed that this is an impossible proposition; that the West cannot, either in manpower or in money, provide itself with conventional forces on the above scale as well as maintain its nuclear defence. The last proviso must be kept clearly in mind because, of course, the Queens, the thermonuclear weapons, only cancel each other out if a real parity between them is maintained. If we neglected this side of our armaments and let the Russians develop a clear superiority in the thermonuclear weapons themselves, and more especially in the power to deliver them, then no adequacy of conventional weapons would help us at all. Therefore, if the Russian thesis is even approximately correct, and we wish to be safe, we have to match the Russians at all levels.

This is an appallingly tall order: indeed it has always been assumed that it is impossible for the West to do it. Perhaps it is; but considering what is at issue, it seems worth while to examine at any rate the question of whether it is or is not inherently feasible for the West to make itself secure on the thermonuclear, the nuclear, and on the conventional levels.

Let us take what I have called "the middle game" first. Can we ever provide the West with sufficient conventional forces in terms of both manpower and money to make us capable of holding an all-out Russian conventional attack?

Quite contrary to much opinion, there is obviously no inherent impossibility about fulfilling this requirement in terms of manpower. The N.A.T.O. allies have a population of 450 million compared with the Russian population of 200 million. Obviously it is not inherently impossible to provide as many divisions as Russia; nor would this be necessary. It is usually assumed that if we provided half or even a third of the Russian strength in manpower, we should be in a position in which it would be quite impossible for the Russian High Command to feel confident that they could overrun us in conventional war. This is not because we need to flatter ourselves that, man for man, we are better than the Russians, but simply because the defence has an immense advantage in this conventional form of warfare (*i.e.*, the automatic rifle, the guided, tank-destroying weapon, etc.).

Second, can we afford the money? This is, of course, a question of the proportion of the Gross National Product which we are willing to devote to defence. As not only America, but each of the West European members of N.A.T.O. has far higher per capita incomes than Russia, it is again clear that it is inherently possible for us to provide the money to equip conventional forces on this scale. It would probably mean devoting for some time something of the order of 10 per cent of the G.N.P. to this purpose. That would be very unpleasant but it is nonsense to say it is inherently impossible.

No, the difficulties of providing adequate conventional forces are really political, not demographical or economic. The first prerequisite is that the Western powers should drop their imperialist policies. Far more than anything else, it is the attempt to preserve the remains of their colonial empires which saps and, in one case, completely destroys, the strength of the West European states. The French case is, of course, the *reductio ad absurdum* of this process. The French maintain a very large army, which all military opinion now considers to be of absolutely first-rate quality. Yet its contribution to the N.A.T.O. forces facing the Russians has dropped almost to zero. That is because some half a million French troops are in North Africa.

Nor do the effects of this French imperial impotence stop there. We are all shy, to put the matter tactfully, of allowing the Germans to develop anything like their full military power so long as the French are absent from the N.A.T.O. line. And the same considera-

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tion applies, to a lesser degree, to the third populous European nation—the Italians.

Again, the remains of imperialism seriously interfere with the British contribution to N.A.T.O. because we have got into this incredible mess over the one small Mediterranean island of Cyprus. We are sterilising there more than two-thirds as many troops (37,000) as we maintain in the whole N.A.T.O. line.

Even in our case, the dropping of imperialist pretensions—they are now little more—would mean that we could provide our agreed quota of four first-class divisions to N.A.T.O. with little difficulty and without the retention of national service. If, however, it were judged impossible for the West to provide conventional forces which could hold the Russians without an increased British contribution, running up to ten or more divisions, then, no doubt, we should have to retain national service. The same sort of considerations apply to the United States.

The political objection to the feasibility of any such course as this is usually stated to be, not residual imperialism, but democracy. We are told that democratic countries cannot conceivably devote 10 per cent of their G.N.P., year in year out, to defence, and cannot maintain national service. This may or may not be so. But the fact remains that if we wish to make it impossible for the Russians to present us with the above-defined dilemma, we must do something of this kind.

THE whole issue is, moreover, complicated and bedevilled by the existence of tactical, or as they are now coming to be called, "battlefield" nuclear weapons. I, for one, used to be very much attracted by the argument that the West should abstain from equipping its armies with these weapons. It is perfectly true that their use, in an effort to hold a Russian attack without bringing back the cancelled Queens (the thermonuclears) would be highly precarious. Once nuclear weapons of any sort were being used, it would be only too easy for the stakes to be raised until we were in Götterdammerung again. Unfortunately, however, this argument has been overtaken by events. It is a year now since Marshal Zhukhov announced that the Russian land forces were being lavishly equipped with nuclear weapons. Now that this has happened it is simply impossible to draw up the N.A.T.O. forces, armed only with conventional weapons, facing an enemy equipped with nuclear weapons. We might just as well tell our troops that they must content themselves with bows and arrows and leave firearms to the enemy.

What does remain true is that if we wish to be prepared on each level, we must train all our forces in a dual rôle. Indeed I understand that we must face the fact that in a few years' time armies will be equipped with rockets, artillery, etc., which will be able to fire missiles filled with T.N.T. or nuclear explosives as the occasion requires. We cannot possibly deny our forces such weapons, unless they can be effectively denied to the potential enemy also by international agreement.

This last requirement of a dual rôle for all N.A.T.O. forces is not so serious as it may seem at first sight. For the truth is that we must in any case train and equip our troops for non-nuclear warfare in order that they may play their part in what I have called above "the pawn game." There, by common consent, nuclear weapons are useless. What are needed are what Mr. Crossman in his article calls "small, highly mobile, conventional forces with modern equipment and the necessary air transport." It is curious that Mr. Crossman seems to think that such forces are best provided by National Service. Just the reverse is surely the case. He makes the point that "the Suez fiasco revealed that such forces were not available." Precisely: but the Suez fiasco took place after a long period of national service; when indeed our armed forces were essentially based on national service. Surely the lesson of that fiasco is that an all-professional army of about the size which we are now apparently rather successfully recruiting, would be a far more suitable instrument for this sort of action.

I have tried to carry Mr. Worsthorne's and Mr. Crossman's argument forward to its logical conclusion. This is not because I neces-

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sarily believe in that logical conclusion or because I am advocating the creation by the West of sufficiently numerous and sufficiently well-armed land forces to hold the Russians in non-nuclear or, alternatively, "battlefield" nuclear warfare. On the contrary, the provision of such forces is an appallingly unattractive prospect. I am merely pointing out that the logic of the situation undoubtedly drives us in this direction.

Nor, I am afraid, is there anything in the implication of Mr. Crossman's argument that so far as Britain is concerned, we could pay for our increased conventional forces by scrapping our nuclear weapons. In any case this would save less than 10 per cent of our present arms bill. For the West as a whole, I repeat, what is needed, on the hypothesis set out above, is not the substitution of conventional forces for nuclear forces, but the provision of (a) forces able to hold the Russians in purely conventional warfare (b) forces able to hold the Russians in warfare using "battlefield" nuclears (c) forces able to deter the Russians from destroying us with thermonuclears, by means of a visually effective capacity to destroy them with thermonuclears. This is the terribly expensive conclusion to which Mr. Crossman's article inevitably leads. True, we must rid ourselves of an obsession that nuclear weapons by themselves solve our problem. But equally we must rid ourselves of the illusion that conventional weapons by themselves do so.

THE effect of thinking out the logic of the situation on these lines has redoubled my sense of the urgency of an attempt on the part of the West to reach a détente with the Russians by means of some form of disengagement in Europe and of nuclear disarmament. I am aware that to write this in present circumstances, when all the signs are pointing to a sharpening of Russian world policy and a return to full cold war, will be very unpopular. The old red herring of the impossibility of trusting the Russians will be brought out. I do not believe that it is any more impossible to trust the Russians to-day than it was say a year ago when the more liberal phase of Russian policy was in the ascendant. For I do not believe it was or is possible to trust the Russians in either phase. As a matter of fact, when in history have sovereign states ever trusted each other? The policies of disengagement and nuclear disarmament have always been hopeless and unacceptable if they involved either side trusting the other. Fortunately, they do not. It is perfectly possible, though the measures needed are elaborate and extensive, for the two sides to disengage in Europe, and to disarm to a very considerable degree in the nuclear field, without trusting each other at all. The perfectly justified stipulations which both sides have always made as to inspection and control are the proof of that.

To say, however, that the logic of the argument reinforces one's sense of urgency that an attempt at disengagement and disarmament should be made, is not, of course, to say that one is sure that such an attempt would succeed. The West has never yet in my opinion really tried to get disengagement and disarmament. But if it does, that does not by any means say that the Russians will agree. And if the Russians do not agree, then I am bound to say that if we wish to be safe, the West will have to provide itself with very strong forces on each of the three levels of current warfare, *i.e.*, conventional warfare, warfare using battlefield nuclears, and thermonuclear warfare.

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LETTER FROM VADUZ

A Lawyer's Paradise

Naked small-power politics

SWITZERLAND is a giant, a vast power, looming over the horizon; if not exactly a threat in the international scene, yet always a factor to be reckoned with. Whatever else you do, you must never, never offend or annoy the Swiss.

At least, this is the impression you gather looking at Switzerland from Liechtenstein. Why, Switzerland is so big, that she has her own customs officials and daily newspapers, and even international expresses stop at Swiss railway stations. She cannot, however, be accused of imperialism. Till the end of World War I, Liechtenstein was under the protection of Austria and it was not without difficulty that she escaped from this embrace. The country lies between Switzerland and Austria, and it was not Switzerland but Liechtenstein that was anxious to conclude a treaty of customs union. In this, Liechtenstein succeeded in 1924—and so this sole remnant of the Holy Roman Empire, the last of several hundred principalities, managed to save its life and independence. Having learnt her lesson, Liechtenstein became so cautious that during World War II she forbade her territory even to the soldiers of her treaty-partner, neutral Switzerland, whose duty it was to defend Liechtenstein. In other words, even Liechtenstein's own soldiers were kept out of the country: surely a new concept of super-neutrality in international law.

The Swiss, although they have never sought suzerainty over the principality, are fully aware of their superior position. When I mentioned to Swiss friends that I was on my way to Liechtenstein, they made jocular remarks such as: "Be sure to find the place...." Or: "Watch you don't drive through the country without noticing it." Well, there are big countries and there are small ones.

"Our heart is with Austria, our head is with Switzerland"—the Liechtensteiners are fond of saying when there is no Swiss to overhear them. Their treaty with Switzerland means economic stability, a higher standard of living than that of the Austrians, and the benefit of one of the hardest currencies in the world. Nevertheless, they are a Catholic island in a Protestant Swiss ocean—well, in a Protestant Swiss lake; they have had Austrian princes on the throne for a long time; and their traditions and past prompt them to throw nostalgic if furtive glances towards their eastern frontiers. Small states (and some of the larger states too, I am told) thrive on compromise. Every Liechtenstein village is in itself a compromise: in external appearance it has the spotless, dazzling cleanliness of Swiss villages; but inside the houses you find carefree, likeable Austrian "schlamperei."

Soon after my arrival in Vaduz, the capital, I was taken to Government House. It is a big building, two storeys high. It houses all the ministries and several auxiliary departments. The Minister of Finance and the entire Treasury occupy room 26, on the first floor. Next door is the Ministry of Agriculture. Room 29 is a lavatory. The Minister of the Interior and the Police reside in room 3, on the ground floor. The High Court of Justice with all its officers and offices takes up room 35 (2nd floor), the Parliament is in room 39, and the prison is in the basement. We dropped in to see the Prime Minister, Herr Alexander Frick, an able and amiable gentleman, who has held power since 1945. The offices of Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister are full-time jobs; the other members of the government are part-time statesmen only, artisans and peasants who govern the country in their spare time.

THE territory of the Principality of Liechtenstein—a very beautiful, rugged yet friendly country—covers 61 square miles and her population is 13,000. Greater London is 13 times as big as the whole country and has almost a thousand times as many inhabitants. Liechten-

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stein's greatest length is 17 miles from north to south. The country has no airfield and no trams; it has three railway stations, none of them in the capital. The largest station is in Schaan. Certain famous international trains pass through Liechtenstein but none stops. The largest of the villages is the capital, Vaduz (pop. about 2,000) and the smallest Planken (pop. 91). There are about 1,200 aliens resident in Liechtenstein, among them 12 Americans, 2 English, 8 Argentinians, 4 Dutch, 4 Greeks, 1 Canadian, 1 Dane (the last-named temporarily absent) and —this must be their prize possession—1 Persian.

The diplomatic corps consists of one person, Prince Heinrich, younger brother of the ruling Prince, who is chargé d'affaires in Berne. Liechtenstein's foreign affairs and relations with other sovereign states are looked after by Switzerland. I was, consequently, somewhat surprised to find a few foreign Consulates in Vaduz, among them that of the Republic of San Marino. When I enquired from the gentleman who was kindly accompanying me on my tour, why San Marino and other states kept up Consulates in Vaduz, he gave me the simple and straightforward answer: "Because some people like being Consuls."

The police force consists of 12 men. Criminality in Liechtenstein is not appalling. In 1956 (the last year for which printed statistics are available) altogether 14 arrests were made—*i.e.*, 1·17 arrests per policeman. My Liechtensteiner friends were, however, proud to inform me that one murder, too, was committed in that year. No arrest was made in connection with this crime and the murderer was never found; but who can blame Liechtenstein if she tries to imitate the latest traditions of Scotland Yard? Small as a state may be, it still has its ambitions. The prison—in the cellar of Government House, as I have already mentioned—is more often empty than not. Sometimes, to avoid overcrowding—which would mean two prisoners at once—people have to wait for their turn to get in. Prisoners are always sent home for Christmas.

One night, it is related, the Deputy Prime Minister was working very late; when, about midnight, he decided to go home, he discovered to his dismay that the door had been locked and he could not get out of the building. He started banging on the door and making as much noise as possible. At last, a sleepy and somewhat annoyed person emerged from the cellar carrying a big bunch of keys. He let the Deputy Prime Minister out.

"Who are you?" enquired the Minister.

"I'm the prisoner," replied the stranger.

"And what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going back to my cell," the prisoner told him, "to lock myself in."

THE principality has had no army for 90 years. Liechtenstein in the old days was ravaged by many wars which is little wonder considering that she lies right in the centre of Europe—half-way between west and east as well as between north and south. The little country had a particularly rough time during the Thirty Years' War: she was first invaded by the Swedes and afterwards by Wallenstein. Napoleon followed the invaders later and then Suvarov's Russians. Napoleon forced Liechtenstein to join the Rhine Federation and after her liberation the principality became a member of the German Federation. The army of Liechtenstein last went to war in 1866, on the side of the Austrians against the Italians in the Prusso-Austrian War. This last military operation turned out to be something of Thermopylae in reverse. Far from fighting to the last man, 58 soldiers left for the war and 59 returned. Two years later the army was dissolved.

In spite of its peaceful appearance, Liechtenstein is the only country in Europe, indeed in the world, that is technically still at war with Prussia. No peace treaty has ever been signed between the two warring powers. The Treaty of Prague, which followed the Austrian defeat at Sadowa, simply forgot to mention Liechtenstein. When years later Field-Marshal Moltke went for his health to the neighbouring Swiss resort of Ragaz, he carefully avoided Liechtenstein. He would not pass through enemy territory.

There are two political parties in Liechtenstein, the *Bürgerpartei* (Citizens' Party) and the Union. There is not much to choose between the two but personalities, although the Union is said to be a little less conservative. "We have no Socialists here," a number of people informed me, with fierce pride. Before the war Hitler made a not too determined bid to gain Liechtenstein's support and a certain amount of trouble was caused by some Liechtensteiners' awakening Germanic consciousness. Since the end of the war the *Bürgerpartei* has been in power. The *Landtag*—Parliament—has 15 members, of whom 8 used to belong to the *Bürgerpartei* and 7 to the Union. The last elections, however, produced a landslide. The *Bürgerpartei* gained one seat from its opponents, thus changing the constitution of the Chamber to 9:6. This was a comfortable majority but the opposition called in question the propriety of certain electoral practices and decided to boycott the *Landtag*. The trouble was solved in the end by the energetic and statesmanlike action on the part of the Prince.

There are no daily newspapers in Liechtenstein. Each political party has its own organ and they appear on alternate weekdays.

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More important than politics are the industry and trade which have made Liechtenstein prosperous. The country's most important export market is West Germany, followed by Austria, Switzerland, and the United States: her smallest customers in 1956 were Nigeria, Columbia, and Ethiopia, who bought goods to a value of £21, £17, and £13 respectively. What Ethiopia actually bought for £13 from Liechtenstein remains a mystery in spite of my most strenuous efforts to find out.

Liechtenstein used to be an almost exclusively agricultural country but industrialisation is proceeding apace. Smart new factories are going up all over the countryside. There is no unemployment; in fact, a fairly large number of workers come over for the day from Austria and a much smaller number from Switzerland. Liechtenstein is an important manufacturer of artificial teeth and artificial sausage skins. More people are chewing artificial sausage skins with artificial teeth, both made in Liechtenstein, than the size of the country might suggest. I have heard it said that Liechtenstein's one main industry greatly helps the other; in other words, the more you indulge in artificial sausage skins, the more artificial teeth you will need in due course. Be that as it may, Liechtenstein is growing more and more prosperous by the skin of its teeth, or, to be more precise, by the artificial sausage skin of its artificial teeth.

There are certain industries fashionable among small states which are completely lacking in Liechtenstein. The country has no Casino ("Switzerland might not like it"). There is no quick, cheap divorce either—indeed, Liechtenstein being strictly Catholic, there is no divorce at all. What is more surprising, even the tourist industry is in its infancy and not much is being done for its development. To be sure, about half a million tourists pass through Liechtenstein every year; they stop the car, buy a few souvenirs, write a few post-cards, adorn them with picturesque Liechtenstein stamps and drive on. Few stay for the night and still fewer come to spend any length of time. The absence of cafés, nightclubs, and theatres, and the fact that even the cinemas are not open every day do not, of course, greatly encourage a rapid development of tourism. The souvenir trade is the only one that is brisk and profitable. Almost all these "Souvenirs from the Principality of Liechtenstein" are made in Germany; and it is mostly German tourists who buy them and take them back home as curiosities from that eccentric little country.

Another factor hampering the development of the tourist trade is the lack of real Liechtenstein specialities. There are no real Liechtenstein costumes, wines, or folk songs. The well-known "Liechtensteiner Polka" is simply some songwriter's invention: there is no Liechtensteiner's polka. The country has indeed a national dish, made of a kind of maize, originally imported from Turkey and called *Türkenriebel*. It is dull yet poisonous at one and the same time which is quite a feat as these two characteristics rarely go together. The Liechtensteiners dote on it. Liechtenstein also has its own national language, called Alemannic. It is a dialect midway between *Schwitzerdeutsch* and Tyrolean but it, too, has in turn many various dialects. A Liechtensteiner Professor Higgins could easily tell Vaduz Alemannic from that of Schaan although these villages are less than two miles apart.

Some other trades are dying out. You can no longer purchase aristocratic titles for ready money. This is indeed a great pity; I was quite prepared to put my hand in my pocket and become a Liechtenstein Count. But there was nothing doing. Citizenship—another commodity in which there was a brisk trade not so long ago—is not for sale either; or, at least, not on the open market. In fact, it is not at all easy to become a naturalised Liechtensteiner. Where other countries invite the young, strong, and virile for new citizens, Liechtenstein covets the old and the decrepit. There is no demand for people likely to prove prolific. They do not want their citizens to multiply rapidly; they want to keep Liechtenstein really tiny. It is all naked and unashamed small-power politics.

Of the usual small-state gimmicks Liechtenstein goes in only for stamps. Her special line is, however, the registration of foreign limited companies. What Liberia and Panama are to the maritime world, Liechtenstein is to international commerce. Hundreds, nay thousands of companies sail under the Liechtenstein flag of convenience: the point being that directors do not need to be resident in the country and taxes are pretty reasonable. No list of the registered companies or of the names of their directors is ever published—discretion is just part of the service.

"We don't advertise 'Come to Liechtenstein,'" an official told me. "We don't want too much publicity. Switzerland might not like it. If you want to come, you're welcome; if you don't, you can stay away."

"I've heard that vast capital is accumulated here," I suggested.

"Many people believe so," he replied cryptically.

"How many foreign companies are registered here?"

"I cannot disclose this. But if you put the figure at around 4,000, I should not be able to accuse you of ill-informed rumourmongering."

This commercial flag of convenience has

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turned Liechtenstein into a lawyer's paradise. A foreign company must have a permanent representative in the country and usually the lawyers who have performed the actual registration are chosen for this job. Some of them have well over a thousand clients at a minimum of 1,000 Swiss francs per client, which means an annual income of about £85,000; and that in a Land of No Taxation (or none worth talking about). The lawyers are Liechtenstein's richest men; many of them are said to own rich foreign companies, registered in Liechtenstein.

LIECHTENSTEIN may differ in many ways from her worldly and glamorous counterpart, Monaco, but she has one important feature in common with her: she, too, is a monarchy under a ruling Prince. The difference between the two princes, however, is as big as that between the two countries.

Franz Joseph II is a shy, modest, and retiring man of 52, who shuns all publicity. He has never seen a film star, let alone considered marrying one. He is a connoisseur of art, indeed the owner of one of the finest private art collections in the world. His collection includes Botticelli, Rubens, van Dyck, Dürer, and even Leonardo da Vinci.

Monarchs nowadays are often described as "family men" as if being a family man was one of the highest pinnacles of human achievement; Prince Franz Joseph, however, really is a family man if there ever was one. He has few friends outside his family circle. The prince was one of 11 brothers and sisters and because of this number the group is affectionately if somewhat irreverently called "the football team." He himself has four children—the Crown Prince Hans Adam, two other boys, and a little girl. The Prince's main pastime is strolling with his children or with members of "the football team" in the neighbouring woods when few people are about. He owns, at least on paper, one of the largest hunting estates in the world but he is not a hunting and shooting man. While his rule is democratic, he certainly is not a grand mixer of the hail-fellow-well-met type. But as long as his sons were at elementary schools in Liechtenstein, all their schoolmates were invited to the princely children's parties, including the son of the Prince's own chauffeur. Now the elder boys go to a *gymnasium* in Vienna—the same one where the Prince himself was educated.

Franz Joseph II—as is indicated by his name—is a Hapsburg: his mother was a Hapsburg archduchess, a half-sister of the Austrian crown-prince, Francis Ferdinand, whose murder in 1914 was the *casus belli* of the First World War.

The Liechtenstein family founded the principality as a hobby. It all started in the 17th century when Johann Adam von Liechtenstein bought up the properties of two bankrupt Austrian counts and united them in one large estate. It was in 1713 that he obtained the imperial deed creating the Principality. Successive princes poured vast fortunes into their little private state, the record spender being Prince Johannes II. He holds another record, too: he sat on the throne from 1858 until 1928, 71 years all told, which makes him one of the longest reigning monarchs in history, decisively beaten only by the 77 years of Louis XIV. (Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary reigned 68 years, Catherine the Great 67, and Queen Victoria a mere 63.)

All these rich and generous rulers, however, loved Liechtenstein from a distance only; the present Prince is the first one permanently to reside there. Maybe his choice has something to do with the loss of the vast family estates in Moravia. Franz Joseph II is not in a position to pump millions into Liechtenstein but he is by no means poor. And in the hour of need he always has his collection of paintings to fall back on. The princely castle towers over Vaduz, beautifully situated near the top of a mountain. It is somewhat forbidding from the outside but, I am told, pleasant, almost cosy and warm—in fact, centrally heated—inside.

If the Prince is retiring and shy, his much younger wife—the most popular and colourful member of the family—is exactly the opposite. She used to be Countess Georgina Wilczek of Vienna—known as Gina throughout the land. She is a typical Viennese countess: not too profound, maybe, not much of an intellectual, fond of dresses and a good, animated chat at all times, but charming, lovable, in fact, irresistible. And more than that: a lady with an exquisite sense of humour, completely lacking in pomposity—though not in the necessary dignity when occasion requires it—and a woman with a very big heart. She has done a great deal for scores of good causes: in 1956, for example, she hastened to the Hungarian frontier and worked day and night in refugee reception centres. During the war, when petrol was scarce, the pretty Princess Gina would jump on her bicycle and pedal down to the village, I mean the capital, several times a day to do her shopping. To-day she no longer cycles, but she is still a familiar figure in the shops of Vaduz, not infrequently carrying her own parcels to her car.

THE Liechtensteiners are not Austrians; still less are they Swiss. They are Liechtensteiners and there should be no mistake about it. They are as proud of their nationality as the Spaniards and considerably prouder than the English. When Princess Gina recently visited the

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United States—where, by the way, she was an instant and terrific success—a surprisingly large Liechtenstein colony turned up to welcome her at the quayside. But Liechtensteiners, even when driven abroad by harsh circumstances, tend to return home whenever possible. I met one middle-aged gentleman who had emigrated to Switzerland—Sankt Gallen, to be precise, 37 miles away—and had just returned to his native village of Schaan. He had been doing well in Sankt Gallen, he told me, and had not much of a future in Schaan. I asked him why then he had returned. He sighed:

"I was homesick."

George Mikes

Bertolt Brecht

Song of the Law Courts

(*from: Die Ausnahme und die Regel*)

Behind the bandit hordes
Come the law courts.
When the innocent are struck down
The judges assemble and condemn them.
At the graves of the massacred
Their rights are massacred too.

The verdict of the courts
Falls like the shadow of a butcher's knife.
Ah! the butcher's knife is keen enough. Why does it need
A verdict as a delivery note?

Look at the vultures overhead! Where are they flying?
The barren desert has driven them out.
The law courts will find food for them.
That's where the murderers gather. The persecutors
Find safety there. And there
The thieves deposit their loot, wrapped up
In a sheet of paper, on which the laws are printed.

Translated by Goronwy Rees

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Edward Seidensticker

On Trying to Translate Japanese

WRITING in the *Partisan Review* a year or two ago, Mr. Vladimir Nabokov denied that there can be such a thing as "free translation." On the other hand, advocates of free translation from Lord Woodhouselee on have denied the worth and come very near denying the possibility of literal translation. A hundred years ago, Matthew Arnold was able to offer the Authorised Version of the Bible as a model for translators. But last year, the late Monsignor Knox again disowned the language of the Authorised Version or large chunks of it. With admirable impartiality, he had already disowned Douai several times.

In short, we are not agreed on first principles, and no translation into English is universally accepted as good. The translations it is safe to praise in the English-speaking world these days seem to be largely into German: Rilke's Verlaine, the Schlegel-Tieck Shakespeare, Luther's Bible. Of course we do not hear what the Germans are saying about them.

The debate, which thus eliminates virtually anything, has been limited to modern European languages and the Classics—to languages among which translation ought to have a fighting chance. Bates's *Modern Translation*, published some twenty years ago, did, it is true, devote some four pages to praising Dr. Arthur Waley and a couple more to damning Amy Lowell's friend Florence Ayscough with far fainter praise. On the whole, however, little has been said about Oriental languages.

For this, translators should perhaps be grateful. If people will think that translators are traitors, they will think it; and, alas, they do not know how strong their case is. What follows on translation from the Japanese will be new fuel for them.

FIRST, something on literal translation. One cannot be enthusiastic about the results thus far of literal translation from the Japanese. It has been responsible for the "by your honourable shadow" school, and for that quaint procession of Orientals led by Mr. Moto. Still, it would be hard to deny that something like the literal note can be caught for brief, inspired flights:*

"When the newspaper announcing the Emperor's death arrived, my father said: 'Oh! Oh!' And then, 'Oh, His Majesty is gone at last. I too . . .' My father then fell silent."

"When the door had closed behind him, Mikuni said, spitting out the words, 'There's a fine guy for you. That damned Official Business has gotten scared. "Use whatever translation fits the context." That's a fine business. What nonsense!' "

"'Wait! That won't do!' called Tojiro, throwing his arms around the young man to stop him, and he called for help to people living near the shrine. 'Hey, there, Yu San of the Hashimotoya, hey there, come on over. Hey, there, Matsu no Ji of the Shintaku, come and help me!"

* The first three quotations are from recently published translations of Japanese fiction. The fourth is a poem. Two of the translators are American, one is an Englishman, and one is a Japanese.

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"All I could say was, 'Oh, Oh!'
At cherry-blossomed Yoshino."

But the pitch cannot be maintained for long. Most translators will decide, after the Oh's and the Ah's, after the blubbering that never seems to strike the Japanese as sentimental and therefore presumably isn't, after pages on end in which ellipsis alternates with pleonasm, that something must be done.

THE literalist who insists that every word in the original must show in the translation has his place, no doubt, in translation for specialists. One does not wish to dismiss him. He faces puns and honorifics with grim determination, he annotates as he translates, he spares himself none of the problems—except the problem of what is to be done about the literary quality of the original.

To the non-literalist, uneasy lest there be something more important than puns and honorifics in his original, the real difficulties begin here. What, in fact, is to be done? Writing in 1791, Lord Woodhouselee found an answer. Unfortunately, it is an answer that rather contradicts itself. "The style and manner in a Translation should be of the same character with that of the Original." In other words, it should have the spirit of the foreign language. "A Translation should have all the ease of original composition." In other words, it should have the spirit of English. Even between two languages as near as German and English, Woodhouselee is asking for a miracle. Can a philosopher simultaneously sound like Kant and William James?

And the farther apart the languages, the more real the contradiction. Without knowing a word of Russian, one senses that Constance Garnett's "style and manner" are not those of her Russians. How else explain the fact that her Tolstoy and Turgenev and Dostoievsky all sound exactly alike? One cannot believe that three such disparate geniuses sound alike in Russian. And when she offers Russianisms, "little mother" and the like, one feels that she is not quite in English. Sometimes she has chosen one of Woodhouselee's principles, sometimes the other, and so to a degree have all translators. Ezra Pound too has made his choice, and incidentally dismissed Woodhouselee's other principle, that the translator must convey the *meaning* of the original.

Japanese and English are very different languages. An English sentence hastens to the main point and for the most part lets the qualifications follow after. A Japanese sentence prefers to keep one guessing. The last element in the sentence reveals whether it is positive or negative, declaratory or interrogative. "I do not think that..." begins an English sentence; ".... this I do not think," ends a Japanese sentence, having coyly held off the fact of belief or disbelief to the end.

There is a rather tentative air about Japanese that disappears when the sentence is put into even "literal" English. It tends to disappear too in Japanese, and to take with it the last vestiges of sentence structure, when circumstances require that one come quickly to the point. Hence the strange nature of Japanese telephone conversations. Every few words the speaker must stop to ask whether he is being followed; and he will repeat until he has been reassured. He must ask because he is dismembering his Japanese sentence as it would be dismembered only in the most surrealist of poetry.

Here is the original order: "The I yesterday to you introduced from Osaka aunt tomorrow afternoon on the Sea Breeze Express is going back."

And over the telephone: "My aunt, yes? The one from Osaka, yes? The one I introduced you to, yes? Well, she's going back, yes? To-morrow afternoon, yes? On an express, the Sea Breeze."

The Japanese sentence has taken on a certain 20th-century efficiency by being dismembered and reassembled in something like the English word order. A glance back at the original should suggest something else about Japanese sentences: they manage to get by without certain connectives considered indispensable in English. They have no relative pronouns. Adjectival clauses, however long, must precede their nouns. Sentences therefore have a way of going on for ever before

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they come to a noun, and for ever and a day before they come to a main verb.

Japanese gets by without many other things. Grammatically it is one of the world's simplest languages. Nouns are not declined, and are without gender. Verbs are elaborately conjugated in classical Japanese, simply in modern Japanese, but in neither case with specific reference to person or number. Adjectives are very much like verbs—in the absence of relative pronouns, both must directly modify nouns—and are in fact conjugated like verbs, without reference to person or number, or to gender. Though modern Japanese has a wide variety of personal pronouns, they are not used as unreservedly as in English—indeed too frequent repetition makes them intrude as English nouns do.

The subtleties of particularly the classical language are thus the work of verbs and adjectives, and a verb is not always adequate, as it would be in Latin, to show whether it is I, you, or he who is doing or is being done by. Nevertheless, subjects are in principle omitted. (When in doubt, leave them out, that is to say.) The deficiency is remedied in part by honorifics. Classical verbs and to a lesser extent modern verbs have delicate honorific variations, and are capable of small though not always crystalline distinctions. If I am a prince and you are a middling courtier, the case is simple: the two of us will use entirely different verb forms and even different verbs. If I, a courtier, am talking to you, a prince, of my father, the verb forms become more complex; and when I, a prince, am talking to you, a courtier, of what your father said about my child, towards whom I am inclined to use affectionately exaggerated honorifics—they are indescribable.

In sum, there is an insubstantial, tentative quality about the language. As a literary medium, it has virtues and vices, and both are trials for the translator.

"You didn't!"
"Oh, yes, I did."
"But why?"
"Can't you guess?"

If this is a conversation in English between Maude and George, the properly introduced reader has no trouble following it. But let us imagine that the speakers are respectively Maude, George, Aunt Margaret, and Uncle John. An English writer must come right out and say so. In Japanese, however, a skilful use of verbs, plus an occasional pronoun, can make the conversation quite clear as it stands. It could go on for pages, as even Ivy Compton-Burnett could not, without overt reference to a speaker.

In English it must be:
"You didn't!" said Maude.
"Oh, yes, I did," said George.
"But why?" said Aunt Margaret.
"Can't you guess?" said Uncle John.
"Because I loved her," said George.
"You should have told me," said Aunt Margaret.

It becomes a choice between this monotony and the elegant variation (he replied, she responded, he reflected, she retorted) that so annoyed Fowler in Meredith. Either way, the pace falters, and the reader is soon more interested in the squirming translator than in what is being said.

If, in quick modern Japanese prose, verbs carry much of the burden, in classical prose it is verbs and adjectives that do almost everything. The doer is mentioned as seldom as possible, and then with averted eye, as if the princess's screen had fallen while she was at her toilet. A person of importance is almost never referred to by name. He must be "the Minister from the Horikawa Palace" or "the Counsellor from the Ninth Ward" or simply "the Shining One" or "the Fragrant One."

Lafcadio Hearn killed words like "misty" and "semi-diaphanous" for describing things Japanese, and yet one wants to revive them to describe the prose of the 10th and 11th centuries. Events which have been like salts in solution somehow become more tangible, assertive, out in the open, by having specific English nouns assigned as subjects. "Floating prose" might describe the effect of the Japanese, and thereby free us from "misty." Or "foggy prose," perhaps. Certainly a quick shift from the original *Tale of Genji* to Dr.

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Waley's translation can be like the moment in the movies when the London fog lifts and the adversaries stand face to face in the gaslight.

Because of Murasaki Shikibu's reluctance to name names, Dr. Waley is frequently at odds with the Japanese commentators, and the commentators are frequently at odds with one another. Here, in Dr. Waley's translation, we find a young man from the capital peeping in upon two secluded young ladies:

"How strange!" said the lute-player. "One can beckon to the moon with one's plectrum just as one summons people with a fan." Her face was raised towards the window while she spoke, and Kaoru could see enough of it to reach the conclusion that the speaker was decidedly good-looking.

"It was to turn back the setting sun that the plectrum was used. Yours is quite a new idea!" The person who said this was propped against a cushion, and her head was bowed over a zithern that lay on the floor in front of her. She laughed as she spoke, but there was at the same time a certain seriousness in her manner of making the correction, as though facts were of great importance to her. "Well, whether I invented the idea or no," replied the elder girl, "you cannot deny that lutes and moons have a great deal to do with one another."

The recent commentators have it the other way: the "lute-player" is the younger sister, the person propped against the cushion the elder. The surface evidence would seem to be in Dr. Waley's favour. We have been told some pages before that the older sister was taught by her father to play "the lute." The second speaker uses honorifics which more become a younger sister, unless the older is using them in derision. The commentators, however, feel strong enough to fly in the face of all this because the disparate natures of the two girls require it. The elder is melancholy, the younger mildly frivolous. The possibility that Murasaki may have meant both of them to be rather more complicated bundles of contradictions is not admitted.

The speaker at any moment, then, is so uncertainly designated that the most general of considerations can override the textual evidence. (Dr. Waley's Kaoru, incidentally, is "the Fragrant One." He is here known only as "the captain," although the book abounds in captains.) The difficulty is not that the language has changed. The standard literary language of a hundred years ago, which can be read with some ease by educated Japanese, is nearer to the language of Murasaki than modern English is to Chaucer. The difficulty is rather suggested by this question: what would Murasaki have thought of her own prose if she had been trained in modern English? (A Japanese novelist once told me that he had not realised how ambiguous he was until he saw himself in translation.) For all I know, translators from Latin and Greek may be troubled sometimes to know who is speaking or doing; but the literature on translation would suggest that the reverse is more often the case. The translator must work to keep what is almost too lucid in the original from being merely flat in English. The Greeks and Romans were sufficiently interested in doers to make quite clear who they were.

Altogether, there is an indecisiveness about Murasaki and her Genji, and a sort of vague, generalised mood that comes before particular emotions. "Out with it, woman, out with it!" one wants to say to her. But never, *mutatis mutandis*, to Dr. Waley, who announces his decision even when he has to take chances.

"It was near to the fish-weirs, which rather spoilt the view," says Dr. Waley. There is only a general dissatisfaction in Murasaki's sentence—something about the fish-weirs displease. Evidence from other sources would indicate, as a matter of fact, that people loved the sight of the weirs but hated the sound of them.

Almost always, Dr. Waley's humour is crisper than whatever humour there is in the original. *" 'You will be going to the Fishers' Fête, of course?' everyone said to him. 'No,' said Kaoru. 'I think I shall manage to keep clear of the* ajiro,* *as indeed most of the fish*

* The fish-weirs.

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do.'" There is a pun in the original, which Dr. Waley has replaced with this pleasantry; but if it is humorous it is humorous in a wan, self-pitying way, far from Dr. Waley's tart Britishness.

Or here is Dr. Waley in a somewhat longer pleasantry: *"Moreover, wherever he went, there hung about him a strange fragrance which, though it procured for him several gratifying successes, in the end proved so embarrassing that he did everything he could think of to get rid of it. 'These Court gentlemen do know how to make themselves smell!' he said. 'It's beyond me how they get hold of such scents.'"*

Though this is rather near the letter of the original, it is somehow different. Murasaki has since the war been made a sort of people's heroine by the Japanese Left, but she had her aristocratic ways. One feels that she would not have understood Dr. Waley's affectionate amusement at the commoner who briefly smelled like a courtier.

THESE examples have taken us some distance from the fact that Japanese tends to do without names, and brought us to another fact, perhaps a cause of the first, perhaps a result, perhaps another way of saying the same thing: Murasaki's Japanese is of a world quite alien to modern English. It is a world of Buddhist evanescence in which a combination of resignation and self-pity seems no fault. If Mr. Pope's *Iliad* is not Homer, Dr. Waley's *Genji* is frequently not Murasaki. The point is, however, that Dr. Waley is far easier to defend than Mr. Pope. He seldom embellishes unnecessarily. That remark about the fish-weirs, it is true, is hardly in keeping with the limp, pre-Raphaelite nature of the young man who is speaking; but on the whole Dr. Waley seems brisk and positive because he lives in a brisker world and writes a more positive language.

The *Genji* is robust by comparison with most works of the period. Here, as literal as I can make it, is the opening sentence of a famous journal. *"Things of this sort are over, the world is uncertain, and there was a person who went through it, neither here nor there."* I would perhaps not now be as exuberantly free as when I first tried translating it: "The years of my youth have passed, and I can see little in them that suggests greatness," which dismisses the cliché in the second clause. Still, the translation seems defensible. In the same journal there are poems whose puns mean one thing if the writer is a man and quite another if a woman; but the subject is of course missing, and the evidence will support either sex.

Dr. Waley could certainly have come nearer literal translation than he did. Thus he could have evaded the issue by identifying neither of his two musical sisters, and leaving the reader to decide whether the melancholy sister does have her frisky moments, or the frisky sister has in the course of time learned to play the lute. Another device would be to avoid subjects—put the whole thing in the passive. Then no one could accuse the translator of assigning subjects arbitrarily. Nor would the precise translator have trouble finding what to do with the Japanese passive: "and thus the thing of its being done was done," "and thus was accomplished the fact of the poem's being recited," or something of the sort.

Another solution has been hit upon by the bracket-school: translators under the influence of French Orientalists, who have out-Germaned the Germans, put in brackets every word which has no specific sanction in the original and may therefore be considered an intrusion by the translator. "[George] saw [Maude] to [the] bus stop." No subjects in Japanese? All subjects to the brackets. No articles in Japanese? All articles will be resolutely surrounded. But this is really cheating. The subjects and articles are not rendered invisible by the brackets, and we are no nearer the original by its having become unreadable.

Let us give it up. Modern English is not classical Japanese, and Dr. Waley's solution is a happy one. Most of his non-bracketing juniors have done him the compliment of imitating him.

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THE next centuries saw the rise of a hybrid Sino-Japanese style, in which the flow of Japanese verbs and adjectives is interrupted by rock-like Chinese nouns. Chinese nouns are stubbornly self-reliant, and will take part in a sentence only with the greatest reluctance. The effect therefore is as of cold-buttered rum. One has only to note the physical appearance of the sentences to guess what is happening. The Japanese elements move along in dips and bends, the Chinese compounds are large black blocks in their midst. The resources of English typography are not up to imitating the effect, though a little might be done:

"The sound of the bell of the Gion Shôja echoes
Theimpermanenceofthings.
The colour of the blossoms of the sal-tree reveals the truth that
Allwhoprospermustfall."

This sort of Chinoiserie—fundamentally it is a mechanical attempt to change nounless Japanese into something more Chinese and therefore by definition better—has produced a turn of mind which, one suspects, the Japanese share with the Germans. If you can't think of the answer any other way, make up a new word for it, and no one can possibly challenge you. "No, I meant *timishness*, and I defy you to prove the contrary." Thus the noun, black and menacing, takes on an absolute authority, and the translator who tries his hand at the Not and the Not-not and the Neither-not-nor-not-not knows that before long one Zen scholar or another will be reducing him to a whistle. Zen is an extreme example; but one learns not to be surprised when words in an article for a mass-circulation magazine are not to be found in any dictionary. They seem to make sense until one considers what to do with them in English.

The power of nouns is if anything more oppressive to-day, when the new word has most likely been "borrowed" not from Chinese but from English. Here, in a recent translation, is a sentence that must have caused the translator pain: "Even if the ideal itself is just a life illusion, we cannot live without it." The words "life illusion" are English in the original. I was once asked, and declined, to translate a symposium which came to the weighty conclusion that literature must have, in English, "origin."

In the late 19th century, Japanese prose style was revolutionised. To-day it is fairly near the spoken language, though with some tendency towards verb forms not used in ordinary speech. Few of the old problems have been solved, however. When it is most modern, it tends to become translatorese, cluttered with transcendental neo-Chinese nouns; and when it is conservative it still floats along, content far more than any important European language to do without overt actors. Just to show that it could be done, a well-known contemporary author once wrote a short story without a single grammatical subject, and the remarkable thing was that no one noticed.

In some ways, the problems have only become more formidable, because there are limits to the fogginess a reader will put up with in a modern novel. Here is Mr. Dwight Macdonald reviewing a Japanese novel for ENCOUNTER:

"So impressionalistic is the technique, so lacking the crude expository apparatus to which we in the West are accustomed, that often it is not clear even *where* things are happening. But it is not a case of East is East. The only other Japanese novel I have read, Lady Murasaki's *Genji*, reminded me of Proust and James; it seemed clearly a masterpiece, and offered no special difficulties. But of course it was written a thousand years ago."

This last sentence says a great deal, probably more than Mr. Macdonald meant it to. If he is really able to guess where everyone is throughout Dr. Waley's restoration, he is considerably ahead of me, and of all the cousins and aunts who have dutifully read the book at my recommendation. "'Find me some corner behind her partition.'" "At last when he had looked in every corner of the house, he tried the cross-wing." The truth would seem to be that a portion of fog is all

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right for the Shining Genji, but not for the bright modern heroine with her piano lessons and her addiction to movies.

ANOTHER problem in modern Japanese brings us to the ultimate in the untranslatable. Japanese admirers of French or German or English try to rewrite their own language as if it were one or another of them, and thus outrage it to the core. The cramped style that results is an argument against "cultural exchange." It is unlovely in the original, and it quite defies rendition into English. How is one to find an equivalent for a style whose most conspicuous feature is, say, a straining to introduce relative pronouns?

It is not easy to think of similar problems in translating *from* English, but one or two timid little analogies do suggest themselves. Think of trying to translate into French Mark Twain's parody of translation into French, or of trying to find Hebrew equivalents for all the Hebraisms Monsignor Knox found in the Authorised Version. Or think of the twisted sentences which school children have for centuries been required to write because the Romans happened not to (and the French happen not to) end their sentences in prepositions. Must a translator feel responsible for reproducing these last, twistedness and all, in Latin or French? Think of trying to recapture in French the effect of Winston Churchill's reply to cavillers about final prepositions.

Woodhouselee had an answer. "The style and manner in a Translation should be of the same character with that of the Original," but if an author is sometimes uneasy, change him. If Homer is occasionally beneath himself, bring him back up again. Woodhouselee lived in a day when important authors wrote well. In a day when many do not, the translator seems to be allowed less freedom by the critics. Dreiser is ungainly in English. Very well, the translator has his choice: leave Dreiser alone, or put him into ungainly French or Russian.

If Dreiser's trouble was deafness, the trouble of the modern Japanese writer is the reverse. His ungainliness comes from too lively a sensitivity to English or French grace. The translator might conceivably, miraculously, find an English equivalent for a tense Japanese imitation of a tranquil English relative pronoun; but no one would understand. "The translation is adequate though a trifle plodding," the *Times Literary Supplement* would say.

To reproduce something like the effect, one might try the opposite: leave out all relative pronouns. But then the *Literary Supplement* would call the translation transatlantic.

Here, in recent translation, is an eminent Japanese author who liked English, and who, though a little too old to share in the craze for relative pronouns, had to cloud his sentences with clarifications: *"It doesn't look as if he expects to live another ten or twenty years, as you seem to think he did."* True, something could have been done to tidy up this particular translation; but even with the tenses in order, the fundamental problems would remain. The author was a great admirer of Meredith, and his characters frequently sound more like Victorians than like Japanese. "He doesn't seem to think he'll live another twenty years after all," we would say. But such is not the manner and style of the original.

And here is a promising young author who likes French: *"It seemed to her as if it covered excesses of light and shadow with form, as if it were pulling together a dark passion without form, so to speak, with the bright, architectural will of music."* What this says about a cloud—it is about a cloud—is uncertain. What it says about the author is this: he is enamoured of French literature and French precision, and he is forced to work with unbending neo-Chinese nouns.

THE character of their extraordinary language has surely had some effect on the character of the Japanese. It would be impertinent of a foreigner to say what, but one catches a hint in the behaviour of novelists and critics. They first lament their poverty, which need not worry us. Compared to the

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poverty of serious writers in other countries, it is a fiction. Next, and more significantly, they lament their inability to have strong feelings of personal identity. Many of them seem to look upon their foggy, floating prose as in part responsible, and are determined to change it. Henceforth every act will have an actor, and every thing a possessor, whatever the cost.

"He showed his aunt to her room." A sentence that would not strike one as particularly good or particularly bad English. Hardly anyone would notice that it is half pronoun. But Japanese pronouns, as we have seen, are more obtrusive than English pronouns, and the same sentence in Japanese becomes: "*Kare* wa *kare no* oba wo *kanojo no* heya e" and so on. Japanese prose style tends to be monotonous at best. It only approximates the spoken language, and one of the literary conventions that remain has the effect of ending almost every sentence with some form of the verb *to be*, much as if every English sentence were to end "and that is a fact." Add to this monotony the heavy monotony of pronouns or proto-nouns that intrude as they never do in English, and the result is a steady, Poe-like thumping.

If the revisionists are not deaf, they must think the sacrifice worth making. It may one day lead to a new consciousness of the individual, and the Japanese pronoun will then be as inoffensive as the English pronoun is now. Only time will tell. For the present, we must put up with pages of sentences beginning "that person over there" and ending "now that is a fact." Perhaps we may be forgiven for not trying to reproduce the full ease of the style in English.

I HAVE spoken of Oh's and Ah's, of blubbering, of pleonasm and ellipsis. The ellipsis troubled Mr. Macdonald. All of the others bring us to the essential fact that Japanese is a very wordy language. Let anyone who does not think so try reading one of the bracket-school translations: he will find many sturdy workers in brackets, but he will find innumerable drones wandering free. "Now that is a fact" at the end of every sentence is one example; the remarkable number of adverbs, the nearest English equivalent to which is "suddenly" but which actually do not mean anything at all, is another.

Of the blubbering, much could be said. It calls up delicate problems of emphasis and connotation. The Japanese are supposed to be suspicious of the too overt emotion; but in their literature they have been more tolerant of blubbering than the unbridled Occidentals even in their more Baroque moments. For over a thousand years, Japanese pillows and sleeves have been wet and not with dew, and one often has trouble knowing whether the tears indicate sorrow or pique or a willingness to play the game. They must be translated with great tact. So must the sugar. "Your mother has a beautiful soul" is likely to mean no more than "Your mother seems very nice."

There are other matters on which the Japanese express themselves more openly than we are accustomed to: matters of evacuation, for instance. A bowdleriser one may be when one has the hero relieve himself indoors rather than on Main Street, but the alternative is to shock when the original is not at all shocking. I was once accused of bowdlerising because in a most intimate scene I changed a finger to a hand. I couldn't help it. The finger called up so many memories of limericks, a heritage in which my author could not possibly have shared.

Of the problem that lies beneath all the other problems, a little has already been said, and only a little more can be said. English is largely the product of a religion which emphasises individual responsibility, Japanese the product of a religion which, though it may be accommodated to many things, has on the whole produced resignation. Genji and his circle are perpetually sighing at their helplessness in the face of Karma. The result is that words, and especially verbs, carry wholly different moral connotations in the two languages. The Japanese verb that must be translated "to flee" or "to run away," for instance, is morally neutral as these dictionary equivalents are not. The hero of an autobiographical novel "flees" to the garden, let us

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say, because his wife is in labour and groaning without reserve; but when he chooses this verb he does not mean to be damning himself as a shirker. The likelihood is rather that he is reproving his wife for not getting the messy business over before tea. In English, however, he is shirking, whatever dictionary translation is chosen.

This may help explain why lady characters are usually more successful than gentlemen in Japanese novels. The moral tone added by translation and unconsciously read into the original by an Occidental can give the ladies a certain cat-like charm. The gentlemen are only feckless.

JAPANESE, we may conclude, offers special difficulties in the application of Lord Woodhouselee's principles. The Japanese have a plaintive way of asking whether foreigners *really* understand their literature. No doubt they have a right to wonder. The "Japan boom," particularly in the United States, has produced fakery in all its myriad forms. From the moment Lowell Thomas arrives at Haneda Airport, Cinerama cameras unfurled, and is greeted by dancing girls, to the moment Anthony West departs with his brief-case full of bogus reasons for anti-American sentiment, the only valid distinction is between obvious Hollywood fakery and clever New York fakery. (West's *New Yorker* letters are perhaps the cleverest exercises to date in the art of making sage Orientals utter one's own complaints about the 20th century. That art deserves far more extended treatment than it can be given here.)

The question is a fair one, then. But what is one to answer? "I haven't the faintest idea whether foreigners, including me, really understand or not"? Or perhaps: "They say they do, the poor unknowing dears, except Mr. Macdonald"? To suggest that Japanese is, in a way, somewhat untranslatable is to invite a look compounded of pain and relief, the look of one hoping and yet fearing that the key has been found. Let us only say that there are difficulties, and that translation, as Allen Tate said of criticism, is for ever impossible and for ever necessary.

Stephen Spender: **To a Japanese friend, translating my poems from English**

My English writing runs behind your eyes
Through your metamorphosizing brain
Along your nerves, until it reappears
Out of the finger tip of the ink brush
Upon the page, in characters to me
Unintelligible as snow crystals.

徳永昭三へ

Two friends sit staring, face to face,
And each translates the other into signs
That are the separate language of his seeing.
Midway between their meeting opposites,
Their crossing tongues exchange identities
And where one is the other, both are one.

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Peregrine Worsthorne

Conservative Thoughts Out of Season

TRADITIONALLY, the Conservative Party Conference ends with the delegates rising to their feet and singing "Land of Hope and Glory." At the last conference this time-honoured ritual was omitted. Presumably the delegates just did not feel in the mood. It seems to me that this omission is as revealing a symptom of the Conservative Party's current malaise as anxiety about inflation, or resentment against high taxation. For the Conservative Party just cannot afford to have its members not in the mood for singing "Land of Hope and Glory." If it is unable or unwilling to tap the springs of national pride, if it dare not evoke the national memory, it will have cut itself off from the last major asset of which it has lately enjoyed a virtual monopoly. The Conservative Party can never simply depend on the fact that the middle class naturally, out of selfish motives, vote Tory. If, under universal franchise, it is to win office it must appeal to some vested interest potentially present among *all* ranks of citizens. It must touch some chord to which *all* classes are to some extent responsive. At different times, defence of the Anglican Church, of the Crown, of the landed interest, has given the Conservative Party this indispensable national appeal. But during the last hundred years or so, it was the Conservative Party's ability to evoke pride in the national past, and to exploit public satisfaction at being part of a great and imperial power, that have been the most solidly-based planks in its platform.

Toryism has a unique claim to represent and defend an ordering of society which, whatever its faults, certainly made Britain great. As the only existing viable party associated with Britain's past, it is the only party intimately associated with Britain's glory. The Socialists cannot in logic challenge this claim. The Socialist Party came into existence precisely because it insisted that old England was anything but glorious; and its emotional appeal lay in the injustices of Britain's past, not in its glories. Its task has been to point out what went wrong, not what went right. It is difficult to debunk aristocracy, as the Left does, without debunking the whole pantheon of British national heroes, from the Duke of Marlborough down to the Duke of Wellington and even Sir Winston Churchill; it is difficult to denigrate imperialism without undermining many of the assumptions of superiority which afford Englishmen so much satisfaction.

If the Socialists have been able to rely on appealing to the sense of social justice present in all classes, the Conservatives have been able to rely on appealing to the strain of national pride also present in all classes. Just as the spectacle of Britain's remaining slums, or a glimpse of a cigar-smoking businessman relaxing in the back of a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce, tend to invoke feelings that instinctively strengthen the Socialist

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cause, so the strains of a military band, or the sight of marching soldiers, or a glimpse of Windsor Castle on a spring morning, or any of the other innumerable emotive symbols of Britain's past, stir feelings that instinctively buttress the Tory cause. I do not think that any other Tory party in the world is quite so fortunate in this respect. In France, for example, it is the Left rather than the Right which can best evoke pride in the national past. Marching soldiers, military music, memorials to famous battles and famous generals, street names—all recall the triumphs of the Revolution and can best be exploited by the Left. It is the Left who can sing the Marseillaise with greatest enthusiasm and on whose platform the Tricolor seems most appropriate. Even the French aristocracy, which is now predominantly Napoleonic, has its roots in the Revolution.

THE British Conservatives, then, are uniquely fortunate in being able to harness to their ends the full store of their country's myths and legends. But the ability to sound the chord of patriotic fervour becomes a great weakness once the public become deaf to this particular music. I think the Conservative Party to-day is beginning to experience this dilemma. If the disappearance of overt poverty has cut the ground away from the Socialists, the absence of any clear or inspiring rôle for Great Britain to play in the world has cut the ground away from the Conservatives. The greatest danger facing the Conservatives to-day is that Britain should become a country whose present is so shoddy that it is embarrassing to recall the past: there comes a point in decline when memory of former greatness is more an exacerbation than a consolation.

That is why, it seems to me, the omission of "Land of Hope and Glory" at the Party Conference was quite as serious a warning signal as the more pedestrian belly-rumbling warnings of middle class revolt over bread and butter issues. The middle class provide the bulk of Conservative votes, but not the vital margin. The vital margin comes from all those tens of thousands of men and women who vote Conservative because in some obscure way they associate the Tories, and the institutions and ideas which the Tories defend, with the greatness of England. If, therefore, flag-waving begins to look ridiculous, the party begins to look ridiculous. Once the Chancellor of the Exchequer becomes more important than the Foreign Secretary, the party can expect to be in serious trouble.

It is not sufficiently realised just how important this question of national status is to Conservative fortunes. It is no coincidence that in the small Scandinavian countries, which have sloughed off dreams of national glory, Socialist parties should remain permanently in office. The uniform of Conservatism would look highly inappropriate on their body politics. Increasingly the same is becoming true of this country. Our social system and class structure, which Conservatives wish to preserve, cannot easily be adapted to the requirements of a declining second-class power. What is the point of a public school producing leaders for an imperial responsibility that we are so rapidly jettisoning? Or again, what is the point of maintaining a proud and glorious monarchy with nothing very proud or glorious to reign over? Why should not the Queen of England ride on a bicycle? The Queen of the Netherlands does, and what is good enough for one monarchy in reduced circumstances is surely good enough for another. Or again, why should officers in the armed services be better paid than coal miners and enjoy a higher status, when the British armed services are rapidly sinking to being auxiliary units attached to the American Army? It is only a matter of time until the logical question is asked: what is the point of preserving a Conservative Party when the institutions it sets out to defend no longer exist, or exist in a way that makes them indefensible?

IF THE Conservative Party's general appeal as, par excellence, the patriotic party to which all classes are responsive, seems to have dried up, so also has its particular appeal to particular groups. The Conservatives are

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meant to stand for the defence of British institutions—the monarchy, the Anglican Church, property, agriculture, the armed services, the middle class, the public schools, the family. But apart from regular token protestations of loyalty to these institutions and interests, the Conservative Party has in fact done very little to defend them in practice. Until very recently this exclusively verbal support has been sufficient, for the good reason that these institutions have rolled happily along under their own accumulated momentum. In other words, the Conservatives had been able to get away without their sincerity being put to the test. Conversely, it has been possible, until recently, for the Conservatives to say they do believe in universal suffrage, in self-determination, in guiding the backward peoples towards self-government, in democratising the army, in social equality, for the very good reason that it has taken many years for the consequences of espousing these principles to become fully apparent. But there must come a point when the ancient institutions and interests which the Conservative Party claims to defend can no longer simply be defended by words, and the modern principles and practices which it pretends to have embraced are no longer content with a purely platonic relationship.

The Conservative Party must decide what kind of society it wishes Britain to be, and what kind of rôle Britain can play in the world. If it genuinely believes in some kind of aristocratic system and that Britain can be something more than a middle-weight power in a world dominated by giants, then it must be prepared to fight for these beliefs. It will be objected that, if the only hope of the Conservative Party is to reanimate the idea of government by the few (though for the many) and, in addition, restore strength and purpose to Britain's rôle abroad, then there is little hope for the Conservative Party. Reliance on miracles is certainly a poor recipe for political success. But what I am going to suggest here is that neither of these two eventualities requires Divine intervention, that they are both perfectly realisable given a reasonable degree of imagination and courage from conservative leadership. (This condition may require Divine intervention, but that is another matter.)

I believe that we are moving into the period where the political and social attitude which conservatism represents are going to be those most natural to our new circumstances. Quite contrary to the widely held view that the future lies with egalitarian democracy, I believe it to lie with what perhaps can best be described as egalitarian artistocracy. And quite contrary to the widely held view that all power will increasingly be bi-polarised between Washington and Moscow, I believe that Great Britain can play as significant a future rôle as any in her history.

DISRAELI reanimated the Conservative Party a hundred years ago with his dream of Empire. A conservative statesman with comparable vision could do the same to-day with a dream of Britain as the principal partner in a united Europe. To begin with, Disraeli was dismissed by the Beaverbrooks of the day as a fanciful visionary. His successor would meet—and indeed Mr. MacMillan's first tentative efforts have already done so—a similar fate. But every year it becomes clearer that the alternative to European solidarity is a total subjection to the United States. The Anglo-American alliance is an essential shield. But while it provides safety, it offers no inspiration. It is too copiously one-sided. Nor do I believe that the Commonwealth provides a call to greatness of a kind to which most people can respond. It is a concept of the past, not of the future; and every year it grows weaker, not stronger.*

So long as the Soviet Union appeared only as a military threat, plans for British participation in European unity seemed too far-

* Even here, however, the Conservatives have a great opportunity if they could only seize it. There could be no greater folly than to imagine that the Socialists, with all their muddle-headed belief in equality, progress, social hygiene, and international law, have any point of contact with such natural Tories as Dr. Nkrumah, whose values are clearly the Conservative ones of authority, hierarchy, order, and national interest.

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fetched and irrelevant. But as the threat changes from military to political, as the Western peoples call out for some new political arrangement rather than some new weapons, the opportunity for great political changes, proposed and carried through by Britain, becomes increasingly urgent and compelling. Economic nationalism paralyses the Socialists, who instinctively reject close links with Europe. Political nationalism holds back the Conservatives, just as Little England sentiments held them back from Disraeli's great adventures. But I am convinced that here lies an opportunity for exciting and challenging innovation which, if seized, would strengthen Conservatism by restoring to this country a great and constructive rôle in the world.

As for England itself, the one sure prediction about the future social contours of this country is that they will be mountainous and not flat. The last half of the 20th century is not going to be the Century of the Common Man but the Century of the Uncommon Man. The common man has never been so dependent as he is to-day. In every sphere, the arts, politics, science, he is on the receiving end of life. Contemporary culture is probably the most aristocratic that has ever existed, in the sense that it has no popular roots, that the common man can neither understand it nor enjoy it, and that standards in literature, paintings, music, architecture are set by a tiny group and passively accepted by the majority. Science, the basis and mainspring of modern civilisation, is even more authoritarian. Unlike the discoveries of Newton which every schoolboy felt he could understand with the help of an apple, modern science is beyond the comprehension of all but an infinitesimal élite.* Yet the whole impetus of democracy came from the 18th-century discoveries which seemed to explain the universe, man, and society according to laws which could be easily understood and which, for this very reason, provided the citizen with a readily available set of rules by which he could govern himself.

* *Vide* Diana Spearman's remarkable study: *Democracy in England*, Rockcliff.

Public debate is only possible when people can understand what is being debated, at least to the extent of choosing between the various alternative policies being proposed. But this is a period when what requires to be debated cannot be understood, except by the very few. In an age of inter-continental ballistic missiles, who thinks he understands strategy? In an age of inter-locking currencies and economies, and all the other infinitely complex instruments of national finance, most of the interesting statistics about which are either unpublishable or incomprehensible, who thinks he understands economics? In the vastly expanded field in which international affairs are now played out, with so many new pawns on the boards as to make nonsense of the old game of diplomatic chess, who thinks he understands diplomacy? The same is true of internal issues. There are, for example, so many streams of education, so complex a system of public administration and taxation, that it is quite impossible for the layman to follow any debate beyond the preliminary and unimportant stages. As a result contemporary political battles bear little or no relation to the real issues. Nothing important seems to divide the parties because nothing important is ever discussed—except such marginal issues as capital punishment and homosexuality.

But if the current period is one in which the many feel passive and impotent, it is also, precisely for this reason, one in which the few feel active and powerful. Just as an age of superstition places immense power in the hands of witch doctor, magician, or priest, so an age of technical ignorance places an immense power in the hands of the knowledgeable, that is to say, the expert, the uncommon man. It is tempting, having reached this point in the line of argument, to make some dire political forecast about a managerial revolution, in which the experts take over power. This, of course, is nonsensical. In the first place, just because they are experts, or specialists, they lack the general drive or ability and the political understanding to do so; and secondly, although democracy is no

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longer a positive force, although the people no longer feel confident of their ability to govern themselves, they are still very much a negative force, determined not to be governed against their will.

What I am concerned to argue here is not that the people are in a mood to abdicate power, but that they are prepared to allow their leaders in all fields a far greater scope than theoretically or historically any previous democracy has been prepared to do. When it becomes apparent that the price to be paid to the few for this leadership is privilege, I do not doubt that it will be paid. The assumption that privilege can never be popular is quite unfounded. Nobody grudges Sir Winston Churchill his comforts or Diana Dors hers. Privilege is only unpopular when it seems unearned.

There is another reason which also leads to this conclusion. At long last science has begun to solve the problems of work and to pose the problem of leisure. We are, as Denis de Rougemont has put it, "on the threshold of an era in which culture will be the serious thing in life." Hitherto it was work which filled the essence of our days, and upon which our fate depended: pay, food, and lodging. If technics to-morrow, at a very low price, allow society to meet these elementary requirements, the empty hours of leisure will become the real time of our daily lives. But this search for culture, in the widest sense, illustrates most forcibly the almost pathetic dependence of the many on the few for guidance and example. The newspapers are full of advice each day on how to eat, how to dress, what to read, look at, where to travel—how, in short, to be civilised; and no other section of journalism is so avidly read. This interest in standards of life that can best be described as middle class is sometimes interpreted as a search amongst the lower class for higher status, which would, of course, if true, lead to great political tension; but I do not think that in this country the great majority want to become middle class. The talented minority do, and the majority wish it for their children, but as for the rest, they want to live *as if* they were middle class, which is something subtly different. They want to copy the middle class, not replace them. Their motive is admiration, not envy. This popular search for culture, therefore, constitutes far less a challenge to the middle class than an opportunity. Knowing how to open that rich store of culture—using the word in its widest sense which includes the tinkle of the cocktail shaker quite as much as the tinkle of Scarlatti—which the masses now seek to share, the middle class appears to-day, not as the barrier to popular satisfactions but as the indispensable key. The middle class are the priests of the new popular cult of civilised living; only they can dispense its sacraments, forgive its sins, and interpret its dogmas and doctrines. This gives them an immense power and influence, which is potentially popularly-based. But so long, of course, as the middle classes see the sprouting television aerials on working-class housing estates as spearheads of a hostile army, rather than upturned arms seeking help, they will miss this opportunity. But let us at least be clear that the opportunity exists.

What has all this to do with the future prospects of the Conservative Party? In the long run it surely means that Britain is moving into a period when the basic Conservative belief in aristocracy will have more relevance to current circumstances than the basic Socialist belief in egalitarianism. To say that the time is ripe for aristocracy is, of course, quite different from saying that the time is ripe for *the* aristocracy. Indeed, the Conservative Party's close association with a particular breed of aristocracy, which for historical reasons is unfitted to meet modern requirements, makes it more difficult for them to bring their principles up to date. But the Socialists have an even greater difficulty. Not only are they against the old "quality" but they are against all "quality." Whereas the process of adaptation involves the Conservatives in bringing their principles up to date, for the Socialists it involves admitting that their principles need to be fundamentally altered.

It is, to be sure, one thing to argue that the general social trends in contemporary Britain

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favour Conservatism as a body of political attitudes and quite another to suppose that the party organisation is in a position to exploit these trends. Political success is governed quite as much by the past as by the future, and there can be little doubt that during the last hundred years or so the very idea of aristocracy has become regarded as politically retrogressive. There is therefore a heavy weight of unthinking prejudice against the kind of policies the Conservatives need to adopt, which are relevant to current needs, just as during the last century there was a tremendous weight of unthinking prejudice against the kind of radical reforms and changes that were needed then. But these difficulties, while limiting the means available to the Conservatives, and to some extent determining the pace, should not be allowed to alter the aim: namely to promote conditions in this country which will allow the few to lead—because leadership has never been so natural or so necessary—and the many to follow—because dependence has never been so acceptable or so inevitable.

I RECOGNISE that this aim is very different in emphasis from what the Conservative Party has been trying to do ever since its defeat in 1945. Under the ægis of Mr. Butler, the Conservative Party has been seeking, with some measure of success, to win at least a sizeable minority of industrial workers to its cause. No one would deny the importance of this aim. But in pursuing it so single-mindedly, Mr. Butler has fallen into the same kind of error as did his great predecessor, Sir Robert Peel, a century earlier. It was Peel who rallied the rising middle classes behind a programme of loyalty to the constitution—which had been revised in their favour in 1832—of adherence to the ancient institutions, and reform of known abuses. He rightly recognised that middle-class support was the indispensable basis for any kind of conservatism that was to survive, let alone triumph, in an era when manufacturers, shopkeepers, and superior artisans were replacing the country squire as the principal interest in the State. He even went to the extent of splitting the Party over the Corn Laws, because he recognised that without paying this high price to commerce the Conservative Party could never hope to outbid the Whigs. Peel, in short, stopped at nothing to restore the Conservative Party's electoral chances. But, as Disraeli was the first to see, this did nothing to strength Conservatism. "A sound Conservative Government," he mocked, "I understand. Tory men and Whig measures." Peel's successful attempt to woo the middle classes had produced a Conservative Party which preached loyalty to ancient institutions while delivering the country into the hands of an irresponsible capitalist class.

I cannot help feeling that this indictment of Peel can be applied with surprising relevance to Mr. Butler—except, of course, that there is no Disraeli to make it. It was Butler who organised the post-1945 electorate and attempted to rally the rising Trade Union movement behind a programme of loyalty to the constitution—which had been revised to give them a permanent majority. He recognised that working-class support was the indispensable basis for any kind of Conservatism that was to survive, let alone triumph, in an era when Trade Unionists were replacing the old Middle Class as the principal interest in the State. He even went to the length of dividing the Party over his brutal disregard for the old middle classes, because he recognised that without paying this high price to the Trades Unions the Conservative Party could never hope to outbid the Labour Party. Butler, in short, stopped at nothing to restore the Conservative Party's electoral chances. But this did nothing to strengthen Conservatism. "A Sound Conservative Government," that non-existent modern Disraeli would be mocking: "I understand. Tory Men and Socialist Measures." Butler's attempt to woo the Trades Unions has produced a Conservative Party which preaches loyalty to ancient institutions so long as they do not govern, while delivering the country into the hands of an irresponsible working class.

Quite as much as Mr. Butler, Peel saw him-

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self as putting the Conservative Party in the vanguard of progress. Nothing could have been more progressive in the early 19th century than Peel's willingness to swallow the doctrine of laisser-faire which all the clever young men—the then equivalents of Messrs. Macleod and Maudling—were bringing with them from the university. But this very "progressivism," while it succeeded in seducing many of the middle class from the Whigs, imposed on the Conservative Party habits of thinking which made it peculiarly unsuited to tackle what Disraeli saw was about to become the fundamental problem: how to win the trust of the newly-enfranchised people. Mr. Butler's progressivism, his welfare bias, the industrial charter, etc., has done much to eradicate the Conservative Party's too intimate association with big business, but in so doing, he has imposed habits of thought which to-day preclude the Conservative Party from facing what I am convinced is about to become the fundamental problem: how to make the crucial groups in modern Britain shoulder their responsibilities. The real problem to-day is not to persuade the masses to be led, but to persuade the few to lead, and I cannot help feeling that Mr. Butler's reforms have made it peculiarly difficult for the Conservative Party to rise to this challenge.

THE whole emphasis of Conservative Policy in the last twelve years has been to increase the security of the working classes at the cost of reducing the security of the middle classes. Yet security is an essential condition of leadership, and therefore quite as important for the few as for the many. All leadership, whether it be moral, political, social, economic, or military, involves persuading others to do something in the present which will only bear fruit in the future—to sacrifice, that is, some obvious advantage here and now for some future gains. The essence of leadership is to feel so intensely about the future as to make others subordinate the present to it. Military leaders want to win battles, and must persuade their soldiers to risk something they have—their lives—for something that lies in the future —victory. Unless, therefore, those with the capacity to lead are encouraged to feel this way about the future, unless they feel reasonably confident that they can realise their vision, they simply do not lead. Without this essential element of security, which does not guarantee achievement but does guarantee the possibility of achievement, potential leaders simply pad themselves against the future instead of attempting to shape it.

That seems to me to be precisely the position the country is in to-day. Those with the capacity to lead, that is, capacity to set goals and persuade others to work towards them, tend to spend their energies padding themselves against a future that they are convinced will be worse rather than better. The reason is that the essential element of security is strikingly absent. No general can win a battle if he believes that the politicians have already agreed to a shameful peace; no industrialist can build a factory on soil which he has every reason to believe will give way underneath him. In the same way, the middle classes will not concern themselves with the future of this country so long as the masses, exercising their sovereign rights, have the power to reduce their labours to dust and ashes. I do not mean that the middle classes will go on strike. I mean that they will do no more than is sufficient to ensure themselves a comfortable life here and now.

Such an attitude is, of course, fatal to the institutions of a country and ultimately to the country itself. Institutions are the means of ensuring continuity to a society. But once the leaders have lost faith in the future, they lose interest in a country's institutions. That this process is already under way is all too obvious. It can be seen, for example, in the lowering of morale and in the increase of corruption in the police force, and the spate of petty peculation in military headquarters which the newspapers report with monotonous regularity. Nor do I believe that the professional, industrial, and commercial classes of a healthy society would indulge in the gigantic tax and expense account fiddles that now take place on a mounting scale.

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It may be objected that what I am commenting upon is the inevitable irresponsibility of a ruling class on its way out. But if one looks at the new ruling class on the way in, is the picture any brighter? Are the new red-brick trained engineers, nuclear physicists, technicians, corporate managers, script writers, and public relations officers filling the gap in public responsibility created by the decline in power of the old owning groups? No. This rising generation is essentially neutral, willing to put its technical skills to whatever purposes someone else demands—whether it be a hydrogen bomb or a health clinic, a serious documentary or a T.V. pulp film, a travel poster or a work of art. Why should they care about a future which is so utterly out of their control? It is indeed precisely those who to-day have the talent and therefore the means to determine the future who seem to feel most hopelessly impotent, and who, as a consequence, have abandoned caring.

IT WOULD be foolishly *simpliste* to suppose that these tendencies are the result only of factors within the control of politicians. But it does seem to me that much of the public irresponsibility, both among the old and the new middle class, does arise from a basic insecurity which could well be reduced by political means. Those now exercising power and influence have so drastically lowered their sights and standards because they lack that essential degree of security without which all achievement—beyond what is immediately necessary—loses its point. Their privileges are too insecurely based to act as a stimulus to excellence. Privilege that is too insecure is as anti-social as privilege that is too secure. Ancien régime privilege supported by despotism is anti-social because those who enjoy it do not need to justify it or live up to it. Contemporary privilege gained through fiddling, black market privilege so to speak, is anti-social, because those who enjoy it feel that since it has not been freely granted by society they owe society nothing in return. Absolute security and privilege breeds arrogant complacency, selfish indulgence, and a corporate attitude amongst those who possess it of eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we do *not* die. Absolute insecurity breeds irresponsibility, selfish indulgence, and a corporate attitude of eat, drink, and be merry for to-morrow we *do* die. While a return to the former category would, of course, be to suggest a cure worse than the present disease, it does seem to me highly desirable that the middle classes to-day should receive a far greater protection from the uncertainties of democracy than they do at present.

DISRAELI saw that the Industrial Revolution, by uprooting the masses from the soil, and from the certainties of a status system, had deprived them of social and economic security which could only be restored by granting them political security through the vote. It seems to me equally obvious to-day that the middle class, having had their economic and social security dissolved by the social revolution of our time, require political reassurance no less profound and far reaching. By middle class, I do not, of course, mean simply retired colonels or widows living on their deceased husband's dividends. These unfortunates must certainly be protected. Not only does the State owe them a moral obligation, which a Conservative Government should honour, but there could be no more foolish method of attempting to rally a new middle class and instil in it confidence in the future than to jettison the relics of the old middle class once their usefulness had come to an end. A Party seeking to raise new loans of support from the public can ill afford to display itself as unwilling to honour its past debts. But what I am concerned with here is the problem of making leadership, in the sense that I have described it, an attractive proposition through every field of endeavour. We hear a lot about incentives, revised systems of taxation to encourage saving, and other fiscal changes designed to favour the ambitious, energetic, thrifty, and successful. These reforms are indeed vital. But they do not reach the heart of the matter. For the vacuum at the top has been created only in part by

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lack of short-term incentives, which has, in any case, been vastly exaggerated. The middle classes to-day are not passive only because conditions do not exist for making money, or because opportunities for exercising power and influence are absent. They are passive because, in the political system that accords absolute power to a lower class numerical majority, they cannot feel any confidence in what the future holds for them—not for them as individuals but for them as a class. What the middle class require is not this or that economic relief, which can only be temporary, but some political reassurance that their interests cannot easily be sacrificed to a numerically far larger lower class.

In the 19th century the Conservative Party was faced by a somewhat similar difficulty. Having passed a long series of Factory Acts, culminating in the comprehensive measure of 1901, the Party wrongly assumed that it had won working-class support. But what they overlooked was that the workers did not simply want protection as individuals from particular abuses, but protection as a class from the dangers of exploitation, which they considered to derive from their basic inferiority in economic bargaining power. They were not content with specific reforms, but wanted a fundamental adjustment of the balance of power. Being the numerical majority, they were able to get it. It seems to me that the middle class of to-day requires a similar adjustment. But, being a numerical minority, it is generally assumed that they cannot hope to get it.

For a few years after the war the Conservative Party by-passed this dilemma by pretending that a property-owning democracy would actually create a numerical majority with basically Conservative attitudes. This was to be done by expanding the conception of property and by assisting workers to buy their own houses and to participate in management through co-partnership schemes. So far, this plausible theory has proved ineffective in practice. The great majority of workers feel—quite rightly—that their security will not be assured by these methods nearly so well as by Trade Union organisation. They are far more concerned in securing a regular wage packet than in owning their own houses or a few shares. I do not see any way of changing this majority attitude, because it is based on fact. But if it is impossible to safeguard the middle classes by expanding them into a numerical majority, is there no other way of securing their interests?

So far as the vital question of property is concerned there are, as Professor W. L. Birn has pointed out, two other methods. One is that of fundamental constitutional reform which would create legal barriers against confiscation, either through a written constitution or a powerfully reinforced second chamber. The other is that of attaching greater political weight to certain classes of property, as by rewarding owner-occupiers or workmen who have joined a co-partnership scheme with a double vote in parliamentary or municipal elections. I realise that even to mention such ideas will seem absurdly unrealistic. Nobody since Maine has suggested that Britain might do well to adopt a written constitution with formal guarantees of liberty and property, as the United States has always enjoyed. As for suggesting a strong second chamber, who would ever imagine that the British people would stand for that? And, sin of all sins, even to think of tampering with the sacred principle of one-man one-vote!

But when we examine the true nature of these "iniquities," it is apparent that in fact they are already commonplaces of our political practice. Whatever the political theory may be, numbers are not sovereign. The Trades Unions do not dominate our political life because they include a numerical majority. They dominate because they represent the largest and the best organised interest. No mere majority in the House of Commons dare oppose them. That the Trades Unions are a minority interest with virtually majority powers is disguised by the fact that they claim to represent *all* the workers who, of course, do comprise a majority. But even if the Trades Unions did not make this claim —which in truth they have no right to make —can anyone doubt that they would still

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continue to exercise a veto over what governments can and cannot do? The middle classes, for their part, attempt to balance Trade Union power with trade and professional associations, and to some extent succeed. It is quite evident, for example, that the British Medical Association and the Federation of British Industries enjoy more power over any government, Labour as much as Conservative, than their numbers would justify. But this conflict of organised interests suffers from one major flaw. Although it works up to a point, it cannot be regarded as in any real way safeguarding the long-term middle-class interests. For although in practice British politics have become a balance of interests achieved outside the constitution, the workers can at any moment upset the balance and indeed constantly threaten to do so. What has happened, in other words, is that we have gone back in practice to the 18th-century idea of a balance of interests without jettisoning the 19th-century belief in mere numbers.

Clearly, were the Conservative Party to appear as simply concerned with strengthening and defending the interests of a minority group, leaving it to the Trades Unions to claim to speak for the majority, their days would be numbered. Any changes, therefore, which would strengthen the middle class would need to be only a part of a wider programme with a national appeal. Foreign policy, of course, is essential to such a programme, as I have already indicated. So also, in my opinion, is loyalty to the basic features of the Welfare State which, by reducing class antagonisms, creates precisely the right climate of opinion for strengthening the middle class. Those Conservatives who would dismantle the Welfare State overlook the fact that a secure working class, far from being a challenge to the middle class, is its indispensable condition. For only if the many are spared economic hardship can the few expect to enjoy economic and social privilege. (I do not mean that the Welfare State cannot be pruned and even redistributed. Indeed there will be far more votes to be gained by increasing the share of those who need more than would be lost by cutting the benefits of those who need less. All I am saying is that the concept of welfare must be staunchly defended. Nor, given an expanding economy, will this impose a crippling economic burden, and those Conservatives who pretend it will are doing their own cause unnecessary damage.)

In addition, it is vital for the Conservative Party that such popular bugbears of social privilege as the public schools should be laid to rest by opening them wide to state subsidised entrants, so as to avoid any suggestion that the Conservative Party is attempting to strengthen a caste rather than to strengthen anyone and everyone with talents and qualifications. As further reassuring gestures, I would not hesitate to merge the Brigade of Guards with the least socially acceptable Line Regiment, and recommend the Queen to do away with the Earl Marshal, and—for good measure—demand from Old Etonians a self-denying ordinance against standing for Parliament. I cannot think off-hand of any other ways the Conservative Party could clear its decks, so to speak, of rubble from past battles. But if I could, I would indiscriminately adopt them.

The point I am trying to make is that the Conservative Party to-day should cease attempting to conserve the shadows of middle-class power and status, while accepting the basic socialist system—which is what it has been doing ever since the war—and concentrate instead on securing a new substance of power and influence. It should give way on all the shibboleths of left-wing propaganda—public schools, hereditary peerages, court exclusiveness, snobbish regiments—but attack the core of the enemy's position: namely, the excessive political power which democracy affords to an unpropertied numerical majority reinforced by highly organised and irresponsible Trade Union organisation.

There is, of course, no simple blueprint for such a major operation, and it would be foolish for me to attempt here to outline possible courses of action. All that I can usefully suggest is the nature of the problem with which the Conservative Party must soon

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come to grips. It is now no longer enough for them to rely for balance and stability on the ever-diminishing vigour of a class system which in the past has been the intangible strength behind the unwritten Constitution. The buttress of class which has hitherto afforded the middle classes non-political power by reason of education, tradition, and the ingrained habit of deference among the masses, is now too weak to support the structure of the state against sudden squalls of popular prejudice. Conservatives can no longer assume that the middle classes will always succeed in riding the wild horses of democracy, not by harnessing them with political restraints, but by some innate equestrian skill and inherent strength acquired during the years of aristocracy. To an amazing extent this confidence has proved justified in the past. But as each decade further dissolves the class system, this extra-constitutional harness becomes less effective. This is not because the masses are less prepared to be led—if anything, as I have tried to suggest, they are more prepared than ever before—but because the "few" are less prepared to lead.

BRITISH Conservatives, it seems to me, are to-day in a situation somewhat comparable to that facing America's Founding Fathers nearly two hundred years ago. Conservatives to a man, they too were faced with the problem of ensuring stability and security in a society that had decided to slough off the cocoon of class. Their method of adapting conservatism to the requirements of a classless and democratic society was to erect a constitutional structure to take the place of a class system, to weight the political rather than the social scales in favour of the middle classes. I do not suggest that the methods adopted by the Founding Fathers have any precise relevance here. A written constitution and judicial review would certainly in practice represent too violent a break with the past. But the fact remains that Britain's absolute reliance on the supremacy of the House of Commons postulated an unwritten limitation—the class system—which no longer exists, or exists in so attenuated a form as to be decreasingly effective. Public opinion, in short, is no longer prepared to pay the price—social inequality—which in the past made Britain's extreme form of political democracy a reasonable indulgence.

The Conservative Party has, of course, recognised this in theory. But because it has shied away from even considering the possibility of strengthening the middle class by political means, it finds itself in the invidious position of half-heartedly defending each remaining citadel of the class system, while doing nothing to meet the root political dilemma. This is to irritate the many, without curbing their power; and to placate the few, without defending their interests.

(Robin Morris' "Socialist Thoughts Out of Season" will appear next month)

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Goronwy Rees

"The Great Good Place"

Recovery and Rediscovery

I HOPE that Henry James would not have minded my using this title of his story for this account of my experience in the hospital at ———. It is a long time since I read the story, but what I remember most vividly is how its hero, sick, neurotic, and exhausted, wakes up in the coolness and peace of the strange institution, a combination of nursing home, monastery, and club, in which he recovers his sanity and health. Something of that description colours my memories of the orthopædic hospital at ———, though perhaps I was in even worse shape than Henry James's hero when I arrived at my place of healing, and perhaps, in spite of the feelings of profound gratitude which both *The Great Good Place* and the hospital inspired, there cannot really be much in common between an establishment run by the National Health Service and the place of physical and spiritual therapy so beautifully invented by The Master.

I too was sick and neurotic and exhausted; but there was also something very much more definite the matter with me when I woke up in hospital. I had had concussion, my head and face were badly injured, and I had a compound fracture of the tibia and fibula. I had in fact been run over, and for a few days had been very nearly dead, but of this, when I awoke, I was not aware, and could not have said what happened to me, or where I was now, or what my personal relationship was with the curiously mangled body which I seemed so provisionally to inhabit. Above all, I could not understand what the strange object was which, encased in plaster to the thigh, hung in a kind of cats' cradle suspended from an elaborate iron structure attached to my bed. Of my whole life I had at that moment only a single memory, of lying in an unknown place, at the bottom of the profoundest well of darkness, through which showed from time to time, pale, shadowy, nameless, the faces of strangers calling to me in unintelligible words from an immense distance. I was conscious, as of a definite verifiable fact existing somewhere outside me in that intense blackness, of pain, dull, heavy, and all pervading, yet not *my* pain but as it were a quality of the darkness, that bore down upon me, embraced me, enfolded me, a great weight that pressed closer and closer upon me until at the terrifying moment when it threatened to enter into me, become a part of me, *become mine*, the darkness roared down on me and swept me away.

I remembered also waking for a moment to a sense of movement, as of the sea, and being told that I was being taken from one hospital to another, before once again the darkness overwhelmed me. I was frightened; I knew that somewhere in a universe that had become completely strange and alien to me there was always the pain that threatened to become mine, not now heavy and dull and dark, but sharp and vivid and shrill, flame-coloured, a high-pitched singing excruciating note like those notes so high in the scale that they are intolerable to the human ear. I felt like a dog that can hear sounds that no man can or should hear. But there was always

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the blessed darkness that swept over me and engulfed me before it was too late and the pain entered into me and made me its own.

But gradually, like the ocean, the darkness receded and for longer and longer periods left the shores of consciousness exposed. I emerged from its depths like a swimmer exhausted from too long immersion in its waters; I lay outstretched on the sands, amazed that I was still alive, and with eyes that seemed to have been washed clean of all past knowledge in the gulfs and abysses where I had so nearly drowned. Then slowly I began to perceive, remember, distinguish and identify the shapes and objects of the world to which I had returned.

II

THE most immediate, as it was the most striking, of these objects was the curious iron contraption which enclosed my bed. It was a curiously primitive arrangement of uprights and crossbars clumsily bolted together and supporting a network of ropes and weights and pulleys; the general effect, as I looked up at it from the bed, was strangely reminiscent of the superstructure of a ship. Into the intricacies of this construction protruded a long white heavy object which I finally came to recognise as my own leg, which had grown a protective carapace of plaster of Paris. There it hung or floated in air, seeming to have no connection with the rest of my body; it seemed to belong rather to the absurd scaffolding that had grown up around it. Even more surprising was that this useless limb did not hurt, was no longer a cause of pain, and seemed incapable of no sensation whatsoever. Yet something told me that it was not altogether dead and this seemed even more probable when I discovered, to my intense joy and delight, that I could move the naked toes which emerged from the plaster. I could not, however, quite understand how this miracle was performed, for I had no confidence that any of my limbs or any part of my body could or would respond to any demands I might make upon them. Indeed, it seemed to me rather that my body was *not mine*, was no longer part of me nor I of it; we were like two strangers, by some accident bound up with each other yet with no means of communication, and I had the clear and precise consciousness of dwelling within this body as within a shell, which was rather a surface presented to me by the external world than any part of myself.

This feeling was infinitely pleasant and delightful, as if a great burden had been lifted from me and no further effort or exertion could ever again be required of me; as if, indeed, now that I and my body were no longer one, I could now look forward to being free in a sense which I had never known before. Yet when, to express my joy, I murmured to myself the words, *I am at last free*, there mingled with my joy a feeling of intense grief, as if the bondage from which I was now released had once been the source of innumerable pleasures which I would never know again, as if I had said good-bye to an old and dearly loved friend from whom I had parted for ever. And though my joy persisted, the grief of the parting was terrible; it seemed to me then that the pain and terror of the darkness from which I had only just emerged must have been simply the tearing and ripping of every nerve and sinew which had bound me to my body and now could never be renewed, that I had seen the horrors that lie on the other side of the doors of death and by a miracle had been allowed to return.

Yet despite the strange amalgam of pain and joy that arose out of my new relationship with my body, the stubborn fact remained that I could wriggle my toes. There could be no doubt about it. In response to an impulse which I could control, they moved, willingly, even eagerly, and there seemed also to be no doubt that they did this as and when I wished and for no other reason; and this seemed to be assurance that, whatever I might think or feel now, my old relationship with my body, so familiar, so intimate, so well loved, would one day be restored. This seemed to me then of immense importance;

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but what was curious was that, as I grew better, it was not only I who attached importance to the absurd fact that my toes would move when I wanted them to. To my surprise, this seemed important to everyone, for the first question which surgeons, doctors, sisters, nurses, even patients used to ask me was: *How are your toes?* And in reply I would say, *Very well, thank you,* as if we were talking about a friend or a relation, and if they seemed to doubt me I would wiggle my toes until a look of satisfaction came over their faces and they would smile and congratulate me before moving on to the next bed.

It seemed to me surprising that they should ignore the other results of my accident, the fractured leg, the stitches in my face and head, the appalling headaches that suddenly descended upon me, and confine their interest entirely to the condition of my toes; and though I knew how important this was, yet it seemed to be immensely perceptive of others to understand what possibilities of pain and grief were involved for me. And I continued to be surprised, for I am profoundly bored by medical questions, whether they concern others or myself, and this made me something of an oddity in the hospital where for everyone medical questions were the most fascinating and absorbing subject in the world and even the most illiterate and uneducated of the patients would talk learnedly of the more obscure anatomical details. So that it was some time before I finally enquired why everyone should be so interested in my toes, and then I was told that if I could not move them it would mean that the nerves were severed and it would be even more unlikely than it was at present that I should recover the use of my leg. This seemed a quite adequate explanation for the curiosity and concern of others; I did not need to tell them that for me, for a short time, the fact that I could wriggle my toes seemed to be the only evidence I had that one day, if I wished (and of this I was by no means sure) I might resume that old familiar relationship between my body and myself which had been so roughly severed on the night of my accident.

III

IN THE early morning, before the ward was awake, or the night staff had paid us their last visit, I stared through the long, plate-glass windows which occupied the whole of the far wall of the ward. I was not interested in the hospital beds that were ranged against the windows, or in the patients who lay in them in the awkward and unnatural postures which their injuries dictated. This was the first morning since my accident on which I was aware of the external world beyond the surface and extremities of my body, and I had no interest whatever in the human beings it might contain or in any of their pains or troubles or diseases; my only interest was in the extraordinary beauty of the world outside the windows.

It was the moment before dawn. A veil of mist and darkness still clung to the forms of the trees in the garden outside, but gradually it lifted and the first faint light of dawn broke palely over the garden. As if I were seeing them for the first time, I watched the leaves and branches of the trees grow distinct against the morning sky. A ragged line of neglected rose bushes ran across the unkempt grass of the lawn and where it ended the trees formed a semi-circle which cut off the rest of the world from my sight. I could not even guess what lay beyond the trees; for me the grassy space they enclosed, so cool and damp and green after the horrors and torments of the darkness in which I had wandered for I did not know how long, was the whole of the universe. I wanted only to watch, with wonder and amazement, as the pale and tender light of morning gently stripped the veils of darkness from the garden, and I should have liked to delay each moment of the dawn's advance because each fresh moment seemed so wonderful. And it seemed to me also as if I were a part of the miracle that was taking place in the garden outside, and that as the pale morning light restored their colours to the trees and the grasses and the flowers, it laid its finger on me also and gently summoned me back to life.

So I lay there for hours, watching the slow

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advance of day across the garden, hardly aware of the routine of the ward, submitting occasionally to be fed or washed, but as soon as these interruptions were over returning to my intense contemplation of the green and leafy space outside the windows, and so completely did I become a part of it that when from time to time I fell asleep it was as if the trees stretched their long green fingers into the ward and took me up and enfolded me until I woke refreshed by the cool touch of their leaves. Yet each time that I awoke there was a moment of panic that the rough, neglected garden would have disappeared and that what would meet me again would be the return of darkness, and something that would be worse than darkness, the pain and horror and terrible distress for which the darkness itself was only a cloak and a concealment. But each time the moment passed, and I found myself once again absorbed in watching the minute changes that were taking place in the scene outside the window.

A leaf trembled, a blade of grass stirred. A shadow moved on the rose bushes. Light fell on the glossy plumage of a bird so that it glowed with an infinitely mysterious richness of colour. And above, the clouds were so high and the blue between them so infinitely distant! It seemed to me that what was happening, in the garden, in myself, was so extraordinary that nothing like it had ever happened before, that nothing mattered except what was taking place minute by minute before my eyes, that so long as the garden was there nothing would ever matter again.

IV

Yet though by day the garden completely absorbed me, nightmare was always ready to return, bringing with it not only terror and panic but something crudely and coarsely comic that only intensified its horrors. When darkness fell the garden would be blotted out and I would become aware of the two long rows of beds ranged on either side of the ward. I lay in an emergency bed next to the swing doors which gave access to our wing of the hospital. Beyond them, and at right angles to them, another pair of doors led to another ward which was occupied by patients suffering from tuberculosis of the bone. From time to time they would open and nurses would pass in and out, and I would catch a glimpse of a long row of beds which for some reason were covered with the thick red blankets which in our ward were only used when a patient was to be taken down to the operating room. These red coverlets lent the other ward a sinister aspect, as if it were never free of the tinge and taint of blood, which at night seemed to invade our ward also. At 9.30 the lights above our beds were turned out, and from then throughout the night the only illumination came from the night lights which hung in metal bowls from the centre of the ceiling. They had a dim, rosy glow, thrown upward on the ceiling, which gave an infernal tinge to the half-darkness in which we lay, as if the ward were an anteroom to Hell.

Perhaps it was natural that when I awoke in the middle of the night, I utterly failed to recognise where I was; the contrast was too great with the green shades of the garden which so utterly absorbed me during the day. I tried desperately to remember where I could be and how I had come to be there, and when I failed, panic, which was never far away at that time, began to overcome me.

The scene was all the more strange to me because, by some oversight, the communicating doors with the next ward had been left open that night, so that from where I lay I could see a long vista of crimson stretching the whole length of the ward, which, as it seemed to me, I had never seen before. In the rosy glow reflected from the ceiling that long stretch of crimson seemed to have the quality of plush and something of the sordid splendour of a scene in a novel by Balzac. I suddenly realised, with complete conviction, but without any understanding why it should be so, that I was looking into some deserted bar or night club; that length of dark red plush was the covering of the seat which ran the whole length of the room. And I realised also, with alarm, that I must have got so

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drunk that I could not remember where I was or who had brought me there. But even for a night club the atmosphere was strangely sinister and oppressive. All was silent, the revellers had departed; and from what position was *I* looking into that deserted establishment, with its air of sordid splendour and the empty bottles and glasses littering the bar which *I knew* stretched the length of the other wall of the room that was out of my sight?

I desperately tried to discover where I myself could be, and it was with an unaccountable sense of horror that I found I was in bed, at the head of a long double row of beds in which bodies lay outstretched, silent and unmoving in the baleful pink glow of the night lights overhead. I realised at once that I must be in some other part of the night club, as it seemed to me in an upper room, half-brothel and half-dosshouse, of extraordinary squalor and dreariness (no red plush here!) where I and my companions in sin were sleeping off, or even at that moment indulging in, who knew what unnameable orgies. For the atmosphere of vice and crime and the prevailing tinge of blood were as thick and heavy here as in that 19th-century interior of the night club of which I had had so terrifying a glimpse. With rising panic I thought, *I must get out of here*, it was impossible I should remain a moment longer, or I should be faced with terrible exposure and shame. So with a great effort I tried to get out of bed, but only to find with even greater horror and panic that my left leg was trapped in some extraordinary apparatus that seemed to be partly an instrument of torture and partly a mechanical device of incredible clumsiness designed for some completely futile purpose. I struggled to free myself with the violent yet feeble efforts of a fly caught in a spider's web, and only then realised with what maniacal ingenuity my leg had been entangled in the intricacies of the grotesque machine. It did not occur to me that there could be anything wrong with my leg; and with yet another flash of insight into my horrible situation, I knew without doubt that what had happened was that my friends and companions in the debauchery of the night before had devised this monstrous practical joke to trap me in this terrible room where so many victims of such degrading vices lay stretched out beside each other.

I must get out of here, I repeated to myself, and saw at once that in order to do so I should have to take to pieces the monstrous engine in which my leg was trapped. I eased myself painfully in bed, at the same time wondering why I should be so weak, and began to unscrew the bolts and nuts which held the iron frame together. It shook and jangled as I attacked it and the noise awakened one of the profligates in a neighbouring bed. I heard him call out: "Is there anything the matter?" and turning my head could see him standing in a night shirt beside his bed.

"Can I help you?" he said politely. His voice was certainly kind, but I was by this time intensely suspicious and to my nightmare-distorted eyes he presented a figure which only confirmed the dangers of the predicament into which I had fallen. He wore a flannel nightshirt of an off-white colour, the kind of garment which seemed to me in my distress appropriate to a house of charity or ill-fame, and in the rosy darkness of the ward his eyes were huge purple shadows, he seemed unshaven and unclean, a dipsomaniac, a drug addict, perhaps, sleeping off some protracted bout of debauchery. He was in fact, as I learned later, a mild and sympathetic little man who was in hospital to have his hammer toes straightened.

"You keep out of this," I said fiercely. "You get back to bed. I'm getting out."

He looked surprised but obediently went back to bed and I returned to my task of dismantling the scaffolding in which I was entangled. A crossbar collapsed upon the bed as I succeeded in detaching it from the upright; my injured leg in its case of white plaster lay encumbered in the tangle of ropes and pulleys that collapsed with it; another iron tube fell with a clang as I proceeded feverishly with my work and the whole elaborate structure began to disintegrate. With infinite difficulty, and disregarding the shafts of pain and the queer clicking sensation of

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fractured bones grinding against each other, I freed my leg from the wreckage which littered the bed. It still did not occur to me that my leg was damaged, or that I might not be able to use it once I had extricated it from the extraordinary jumble which now lay on the bed.

At last I was free and was about to make my escape when suddenly a night nurse approached and stared at me in horror. "Whatever are you doing? Get back to bed at once, you *naughty* boy," she cried, in that tone of maternal indignation which nurses commonly adopt to fractious patients. But when she saw the extraordinary collection of objects which lay in disorder on my bed, her indignation gave way to helplessness. Giggling slightly, she retreated from the ward and in a moment returned with the night sister, a plump and exceedingly pretty girl who began to laugh uncontrollably when she saw me lying back in bed exhausted, like Samson with the pillars of the Temple in ruin around him. Nightmare and hysteria vanished in the face of her laughter, her pink cheeks, her enormous blue eyes. Suddenly I knew exactly where I was. I was in hospital, I had been run over, my leg was broken. The night club, the brothel, the dipsomaniacs and drug addicts seemed to disappear in a moment, as if they had never existed, as the night sister and the nurse, giggling and scolding, tried unskilfully to restore my leg into its hanging cradle. "You are a one, and no mistake," the night sister said. "You might have broken your leg all over again." She had a high-coloured, rosy face and black curls that escaped from under her stiff, white cap.

"I wanted to get out," I mumbled, ashamed now of the trouble I had caused, and almost mesmerised by her preternaturally large blue eyes. She was quite extraordinarily pretty.

"It will be months before *you* get out," she said, giggling. "You won't get away from me so easily." She made up my bed and smoothed the pillows. "Would you like some tea?" she said.

I thanked her, and when she brought the tea I drank it and wondered desperately what on earth my nightmare had been about.

"Now you be a good boy and go to sleep," the night sister said. She bent down over me to take my tea cup. "You know, you remind me of someone. Do you know who?" "No," I said.

"James Dean," she said, and left me to sleep.

V

MY NIGHTMARE remained with me for a long time and every evening, when the night lights were turned on, the ward recaptured for a moment the sinister glare in which it had been bathed. But from that night I began, as they say, to get better; or at least I was no longer afraid of relapsing into the darkness from which I had returned. And equally I was no longer so completely obsessed by the garden outside the windows and I began, slowly and reluctantly at first, for I found that the effort tired me, to take some notice of my immediate surroundings and of my fellow patients.

Perhaps the nursing staff also realised that some change had taken place in my condition. For the next day, the male nurse who was in charge of the day staff came to me and asked me how I felt. He was an extraordinarily efficient person who was always immaculately spruce in a freshly-pressed white linen uniform. He looked like a doll who every day had been newly unpacked from its box. I told him I felt better.

"It's time we cleaned you up a bit," he said. "You look terrible. You're beginning to frighten the visitors."

It was a shock to me to realise that I had an appearance of my own or that anyone could possibly be interested in what I looked like; after my accident, I had come to feel that my body existed for no other purpose than that surgeons or nurses should practise their skill and science upon it, like the corpses which Burke and Hare sold to the anatomy school in Edinburgh, or the dummies which nurses use in order to practise the seventeen different methods of making a bed. Perhaps

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the nurse, who was always addressed by the mysterious hierarchical title of *Staff*, noticed my surprise or may even have taken it for refusal, for he simply held up to my face a hand mirror which until now he had held behind his back.

"Have a good look," he said, with a kind of grim cheerfulness, as if I might well be surprised but nothing could surprise him. And indeed what I saw was the face of a particularly unprepossessing stranger, a rough customer who might have been badly mauled in a street fight. My face was a network of deep scars from which the blood had not yet been removed, and the week-old growth of stubble which covered it sprouted from an ugly mass of wounds and scabs. Other scars, red and raw where the stitches had been put in, ran across my skull, and one eye was hardly visible in an enormous bruise of deepest purple and violet and inky black; even the eyelids were scarred, and pitted with the tiny grains of gravel and dirt that clung to my flesh like nutmeg to a nutmeg grater.

"It's not very nice," I said.

"You're damn right it's not nice," Staff said. "After all, *we've* got to look at you."

So with infinite care and patience he shaved the minute portions of my face that were unscarred, tried to brush my hair over the bald patches where the stitches showed, and washed away the crust of blood around the wounds. When he had finished, I felt as immaculate as he was, like a member of the German General Staff: *immer bereit, immer rasiert*. I was indeed no beauty but somehow I felt, and perhaps others felt too, that I had now been officially recognised among the living. Nurses began to stop and talk to me as they went on their rounds; walking patients came to my bedside and told me all the innumerable details of their illnesses and operations; I even began to understand the almost military differences of rank between the various grades of the hospital hierarchy, the almost godlike respect due to a doctor or surgeon, and the immense gulf which separates him from any member of the nursing staff, from the matron herself down to the giggling young nurses who, fresh from school, gleaming and gay in their stiffly-starched uniform, performed the most sordid and menial tasks with an incomparable air of sweetness and humility. At the very bottom of the hierarchy, the rank and file of this extraordinary army devoted to the common purpose of healing and being healed, came the patients themselves, all crippled, all neurotically obsessed with their own ailments but all so convinced, in their own particular case, of the immense importance of getting well, that they submitted without a murmur to the most painful or the most humiliating treatment.

"Angels, that's what they are," said a voice, "little angels wivout wings." It was a patient in a neighbouring bed; he was talking about the nurses, and was protesting because someone had uttered some slight criticism of them. I could not see him very well because he lay on the far side of my immediate neighbour on my left, who sat in an upright position with his body totally enclosed in plaster. He had a face which, under a crown of thick, white hair, had a look of great calm and serenity, as of one who had satisfied all his earthly desires. He was, I learned later, a murderer from Broadmoor, who over fifty years ago had thrown his wife out of a top-storey window and had been detained at Her Majesty's pleasure ever since. A warden from Broadmoor, half-nurse, half-guard, sat at the foot of his bed by day and by night; there were three of them, and they took eight-hour shifts in keeping watch over this helpless old man who was in no better condition to escape than a newborn baby. He seemed, however, quite oblivious to the presence of his guards, whom he ignored completely; above the neck of his plaster, his face had a look of intense and radiant happiness, as if fifty long years had not been enough to exhaust the ecstasy of that beautiful moment when his wife had disappeared out of the window.

Opposite to him lay a man who was recovering from an operation to his knee-cap. He had the ruddy face of a young farmer, but in fact he was a topiarist who would talk for hours, to anyone who would listen, about the delights of his profession and the great houses

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whose yews and hedges he clipped and shaped. Every morning, in the long hours of waiting before the day nurses brought our breakfast, he greeted the day with his favourite song, *To be a farmer's boy*, which he sang in a fine light tenor voice to the great pleasure of us all and repeated cries of *encore*. And at first, before I had made the acquaintance of any of my other companions, I used to think how wildly improbable it was that my two neighbours should be something so completely untypical of the English welfare state, as it is supposed to exist to-day, as a murderer and a topiarist. It seemed to be an offence against all statistical laws that I should lie beside such a pair; and all the more so perhaps because both of them seemed to share a profound happiness which showed itself as much in the topiarist's voice when, like a bird, he burst into his early morning song, as in the almost imperceptible smile on the murderer's face as he meditated on his great act of fifty years ago. I began to feel that, if these were my companions, there must be something equally strange, equally unlikely, about myself, that it was not mere chance which had thrown us together but some careful though mysterious method of selection which had brought us together on the basis of some common though improbable quality, as if all three of us were albinos or spoke Volapuk.

I WAS somewhat reassured when, as days went by, I began to know some of the other inhabitants of the ward and found that not all of them were quite so exceptional in their tastes or their vocation. It was a rapidly changing society; broken bones healed; the maimed got up and walked; new faces came and went; so that every day it was possible to make new acquaintances who restored my belief that the pattern of English life could not be quite so eccentric as it had at first seemed. There was Fred, for instance, an ex-sailor turned postman, who explained to me how sadly conditions had deteriorated in the post office since the days when he had first worn its uniform. It seemed that a misguided zeal for economy and efficiency had infected that institution, and he spoke of the happiness of an earlier period as if he were talking of the days of Trollope. "I'd rather be back in the Navy," he said bitterly. "At least you knew where you were." He was also deeply occupied by the problems of bringing up children, of whom he had many: "devils when they're young, and a heartbreak when they're older," was his view.

There was also Mr. Emilio Pinza, by profession a head waiter, who startled and impressed the ward on his first arrival by depositing one hundred pound notes with the charge nurse, and thereafter behaved towards him much as an old and valued client might behave towards his banker. At first there was considerable speculation about the sources of Mr. Pinza's immense wealth. It soon appeared, however, that they were connected with the Turf. Mr. Pinza's betting operations were considerable, and in hospital he conducted them through a kind of underground which existed to serve the patients' illicit needs; he financed them by drawing upon the charge nurse for such sums as he might require from time to time.

Every morning and evening Mr. Pinza studied the racing news with profound concentration; at midday he laid his bets; in the afternoon, when the results were known, he entered an account of the day's operations in a little black book which he kept under his pillow. From time to time he deposited further large sums with the charge nurse; after a few weeks it seemed to us that Mr. Pinza's fortune must be colossal. He explained to me that indeed he hoped to make his stay in hospital a protracted and a profitable one, as it gave him the proper leisure and freedom from distraction which are required if one is to make any kind of success of following the horses, a serious occupation which was hardly compatible with the frivolity and self-indulgence of earning one's living. "Six months in 'ere," said Mr. Pinza, "and I ought to make a tidy packet. And then," he added dreamily, "I think a little 'oliday in the Isle of Wight."

Then there was Mr. Shenfield, whose task in life was to drive the directors of an enor-

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mous firm of building contractors about their business, which Mr. Shenfield regarded as very largely his own. He was greatly preoccupied with the two new schools which the firm was erecting in Hertfordshire, with the difficulties involved in the contract they had undertaken for a new aerodrome, with the even greater difficulties of the negotiations regarding the construction of a new dam in Africa. These matters frankly worried Mr. Shenfield; but what worried him even more were the personal troubles between Mr. Willy and Mr. Tom, and their continual dissensions at board meetings. He hardly knew how the firm could continue unless the directors could discuss such matters with him as he drove them around in the firm's Rolls-Royce. Mr. Shenfield worried so much about these things that it was seriously hampering his recovery. Mr. Shenfield also had a wife and several children. This was known, though he never mentioned them, because they came to see him on visiting days; and when they came it was clear, from the careworn expression on the faces of all of them, down to the smallest, a little girl hardly out of her perambulator, that the frightful responsibility of the firm's huge operations lay heavy upon them all.

Above all, there was Ginger, a builder's labourer who lived on a caravan site near the hospital. He had two exquisite fair-haired baby daughters of almost angelic beauty who came to visit him with their mother and gazed at this practically illiterate young man with enormous blue eyes which showed a love and adoration that a god might have been glad to inspire. Ginger's trouble was that he was a walking patient who was no longer confined to his bed. Having no intellectual resources of any kind, such as horse-racing, or playing cards, or listening to the radio, he could find no other use for his time or his abounding energy, his huge fund of high spirits, than to make himself useful to others. He made the early morning tea which he brought round on a trolley almost as soon as dawn had broken; he boiled the breakfast eggs with which patients were allowed to supply themselves if they wished; he helped the nurses to make the beds; indeed, he was as useful to them as to the patients and, in the end, became a kind of supernumerary nurse himself. In the afternoons, when the walking patients were allowed to leave the hospital grounds for two hours, he ran errands for the other patients, bought cigarettes, posted letters, collected laundry, or did anything else that anyone was kind enough to think of asking him to do. For Mr. Pinza he undertook telephone calls to his bookmaker too confidential to be entrusted to the underground. All these services Ginger performed as if he were receiving and not giving a kindness; with inimitable good manners he made one realise how good it was of one to make use of him. After a time it was not difficult to understand the adoration that shone in the huge blue eyes of his daughters, who were as beautiful as he was good.

VI

And there were many others, who all displayed before me what were, from their own point of view, the richness and variety of their individual lives. For of one thing I became convinced during my long stay in hospital: that for all men their own lives are a matter of inexhaustible interest, incomparable jewels which, however cheap or dull they may appear to others, are for themselves beyond all price. Each man looks upon himself with the infinite loving kindness of God; each man is a Christ in his own behaviour to himself.

The patients would talk to me from the neighbouring beds, or as they walked to and fro from the ward to the day-room, and after a few polite and formal enquiries about my leg ("How are your toes?"), would begin to tell me about their own ailments, with that wealth of medical detail which never ceased to astound me. And from their illnesses they progressed to their work, their amusements, their wives, girl friends, children, habits, prejudices, hopes, pleasures, troubles, all that immense ramification of interests and feelings that goes to make a human being.

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Perhaps, if I had been in any other condition, I would not have listened; perhaps it was the shock of my accident that left me so passive and receptive, so entirely without feelings or interests of my own, that just as the mere contemplation of the garden outside absorbed me so completely that my whole being seemed to dissolve in its embrace, so these individual human beings who were displayed before me, like the trees and flowers of the garden, had a strangeness and mystery which attached to every detail of their lives, however trivial they might have seemed at any other time. How Ginger acquired his dog, what Mr. Shenfield said to Mr. Willy after his last row with Mr. Tom, Mr. Pinza's plans for a great *coup* during Ascot week, the strange behaviour of the scar on Mr. Langley's leg which would not cease from, as he expressed it, "weeping," all these things and many others seemed to me profoundly interesting and significant and I should never have ceased to listen to them, except that I found at the end of the day that such a torrent of personal experiences, springing from so many sources, left me exhausted, as if, in the course of the day, I had lived twenty men's lives instead of my own.

Sometimes I wonder why it was that each man seemed so willing to display, as it were, so much of his life and sometimes of his deepest and most intimate feelings, like someone offering a tray of precious jewels for sale. But then I realised that the hospital itself was a kind of forcing-house for such revelations. In ordinary life we are so occupied with the pursuit, not alas! of anything so idealistic as pleasure, but of immediate practical objectives, and these objectives are so often mutually incompatible, that we can spare little time for the lives of other people, or even, in the more serious sense, for our own, so deeply are we absorbed in the affairs of the moment. But in hospital, so far as we had any practical interests at all, we had only one, and it was one which we all shared, and moreover it was one we could do very little about; it was quite simply the interest of getting well, and this was something which in no way depended on our efforts or our own wills, but was largely a matter which had to be left to Nature herself, and the army of doctors, surgeons, and nurses who had entered her service.

So perhaps understanding, or receptiveness, grew out of our freedom from the practical egotisms which dominate our ordinary life (though not from that other and deeper egotism which makes every man a kind of miracle to himself). But in my own case there was another factor at work which perhaps was hardly less important. The public ward of a hospital makes an incomparable observation post for anyone who is interested in his fellow men, and most of all because it is organised on principles which tend to abolish all those differences of class, income, and education which in ordinary life raise such impenetrable barriers between the citizens of this country.

It must be accepted that, in this country at least, an educated man is an object of intense suspicion to the majority of his fellow countrymen, that is to say, unless he is merely an object of mockery or complete indifference; and those who believe that by their personal qualities they can overcome this barrier for the most part only deceive themselves. But in hospital that barrier tends to disappear, in the first place because no particular reason or explanation is required for one's presence, on terms of absolute equality, at that particular time and place; the reason, after all, is all too obvious. And in the second place, that very reason, which in every case is illness or disability of some kind, in itself creates a ground of sympathy with one's fellow-sufferers who, after all, are all there for exactly the same reason as oneself.

So that, for me at least, it was an enormous pleasure to find that my fellow patients appeared to take me for granted, certainly to a greater extent than I took them for granted, for their habits and their behaviour never ceased to be a source of wonder and astonishment to me; and in this, perhaps, they showed better manners than I did. Yet in one respect at least I always remained at a disadvantage; for I found

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once again, as I had found years ago when I served in the ranks in the army, that among the many varieties of spoken English in use in the ward, there were several, quite literally, I could not understand at all.

This was not perhaps surprising in the case of Mr. Pinza; after fifty years in England his language was that of some remote and isolated rural area thickly overlaid with Italian overtones, and even this was less of an obstacle than the system of free association, amounting to unbridled licence, which appeared to govern his train of thought. But even in conversation with those who had been born and bred in this country, and whose minds appeared to work in a manner which was recognisably national, I was frequently at a loss to attach any meaning whatever to the sounds which they uttered. It was embarrassing to listen to an account of some complicated family incident, or of the latest operation performed by Mr. ———, the surgeon, and at the end be unable to offer any comment whatever, because one had not understood a word of what had been said. Or at least it would have been embarrassing if any comment had been expected, but I soon learned that to listen was in itself sufficient, and after a time established a modest but recognised position for myself as one who could always be depended upon to listen sympathetically but from whom not much could be expected in the way of intelligent discussion. It is quite untrue that education broadens the mind; it makes the arts and the sciences more accessible, but in England at least it cuts off communication with a large part of the human race.

VII

I NOW had two interests which were quite sufficient to occupy all my waking hours. There was the garden, which at any hour from dawn to dark never ceased to fill me with wonder and delight; and on the other hand there was the endless panorama of human life that unfolded before me in the ward.

Why was it that each of the young nurses who came to my bedside every night to give me my sleeping pills seemed so absolutely and uniquely different from every other, so that it almost seemed as if they wore their stiff crisp uniforms in an effort to reassure me that they had this at least in common and did not each of them constitute some special race or species with no other member except herself? Even the way in which each one of them handed me the little medicine glass in which lay two small orange pills, with their assurance of sleep, was so entirely different that it seemed to proclaim the uniqueness of her being. Was it perhaps that, as one lay there, grotesque and hideous and helpless, an object merely of mercy and healing, all power of the will was suspended and that, the will suspended, one sees people as they really are? Such questions, seeking abstract answers to abstract questions, did not bother me; it was the fact alone that enthralled me, the simple, indefensible assurance that spoke in every gesture of every body, in every tone of every voice, in every single action of every single person with whom I came into contact. Four times a day one of the nurses toured the ward with a little rubber-wheeled trolley covered with bottles of spirit, lotions, a bowl of water, boxes of powder, and washed and anointed one as a precaution against bed sores; with eyes closed, and not a word spoken, I could tell which nurse it was whose fingers rubbed and washed my body, as if by touch alone I knew the uniqueness of her fingerprints.

This conviction of the single and unique existence of every living person was at first so overwhelming that it could not have occurred to me that these extraordinary beings with whom the ward was filled could have any qualities or habits in common; they seemed to me to have completely monadic existences and that anything that was in any way common to them all, as for instance that, divine substances as they were, they still ate their meals at the same time or had physical needs which were satisfied in the same way, seemed to be a result merely of laws and rules that were imposed from outside as the

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very condition of life in the hospital. Yet after a time I began to recognise that after all they did have some things in common, similar tastes, similar likes and dislikes, similar reactions in similar circumstances. What surprised me, when at last I had made this astonishing discovery, was how different these common qualities were from anything I might have expected.

IT WAS true, for instance, that a particular song which at that time was popular had an almost hypnotic effect on every single person in the ward, including the nurses. It was called *Magic Moments*, and was probably one of the most banal sequences of notes and words that has ever been contrived. There was rarely a moment from the first to the last of the day when someone was not singing, whistling, humming, or merely shouting this terrible composition. During certain radio programmes, such, for instance, as *Housewives' Choice*, one of the patients would be ordered to stand by at one of the earphone sets which were attached to each bed; if by any chance (and the odds were fairly high) that song were to be announced, he would shout peremptorily *Magic Moments!* and patients and nurses alike would seize a pair of earphones and immediately achieve the condition of mindless ecstasy which the song appeared to induce. As it soon became patent that I was either immune or allergic to this particular drug, as it might be to penicillin or aureomycetin, one nurse always ran to my bed in order to have the privilege of having both earphones of the set to herself, instead of having to share them, as the other nurses did, with one of the patients. How touching it was to watch the nurses' pretty heads pressed close to those of the patients', so often old and grey and careworn, as they listened side by side to Mr. Perry Como, who was the acknowledged *gran maestro* of all those who interpreted *Magic Moments*. There was another song which almost competed with it in public favour; it was called *Lollipop, Lollipop*, and appeared to have no other words and practically no music. Nor were they necessary, because the mere repetition of the two words, *Lollipop, Lollipop*, uttered compulsively from time to time, appeared to be sufficient to appease the nerves and the needs of all who were under their charm.

Music of this kind supplied a running accompaniment to everything that was said and done in the ward; it appeared to have a far greater power over the minds and feelings of patients and nurses than either the written or the spoken word. Indeed, though many patients complained of the long hours of inactivity and boredom, very few resorted to books for distraction. Newspapers were delivered morning and evening and were eagerly seized upon; but to judge from the sudden outburst of conversation which they always stimulated, they were read for no other reason than to study the racing news and results; the vast circulation of the daily press in this country must depend to an overwhelming degree on horse racing.

The racing news, however, was read with minute and concentrated attention, and afterwards discussed with a wealth of knowledge and reference, a scrupulous respect for fact, that would have been worthy of a learned society discussing the minutiæ of a classical text; we were all mandarins in our respect for the scholarship of the Turf. So far as I could discover, there was no other subject whatever that in any degree commanded so much general interest and attention. It was true that once a week everyone completed his entry for the pools and that every Saturday night everyone checked his coupon against the results; but this was done quickly and cursorily, though accurately, as if it were some routine duty that every self-respecting person had to perform. Moreover, it seemed to be fully recognised that this was an activity whose results were completely governed by the inscrutable laws of chance, and therefore not worth serious study. It was only racing that inspired the arduous and protracted concentration of men who know they are at grips with a subject to which knowledge is the only key. And if in this field Mr. Pinza was regarded as the master of those who know, the Virgil of the racing world,

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it was only because we all recognised that for long years he had devoted to the subject the long unrewarded hours, the ardent and unremitting labour, which all true learning requires. He was the Scaliger of the Turf.

APART from racing, all other distractions were of minor account. There was no television set in our section of the hospital, either in the sick-ward or in the day-room, where the walking patients spent their day, from seven in the morning until eight at night. What surprised me, who had been led to believe that television has become the opium of the people, was that no single person ever complained of the lack of it, or talked of what programmes he might have been watching if he had been at home, or what his favourite programmes were, or his favourite television stars, or what are called "personalities." For us, Mr. Gilbert Harding, Lady Lewisham, Sir Robert Boothby, and all the rest of the illustrious obscure might just as well have never existed; only occasionally a nurse would say wistfully that she wished she could hear Mr. Perry Como sing *Magic Moments* on the television.

In the same way, I never heard anyone discuss any politician, or political party, or political event; so far as we were concerned, neither government nor opposition seemed to exist, and it is worth recording, as a matter of observed fact, that during a total of three months in hospital I never heard any of the subjects, with one exception, of either the leaders or the headlines in a newspaper mentioned in conversation; the exception was the disaster that overcame Manchester United at Munich. I never heard the name of Mr. Macmillan or of Mr. Gaitskell; so far as my fellow patients were concerned, the government and political system of Great Britain had no existence; nor had its literature, nor its drama, nor its music, unless one counts *Magic Moments*; the *only* name I ever heard mentioned, both on the radio or in the press and in the conversation of the patients, was that of Lady Docker.

In the day-room the patients played, interminably, at billiards, snooker, and cards. Yet with so much of the world excluded, as it seemed, from their interest, they never lacked for subjects to talk about. There was, of course, racing; there were their own ailments and operations; there was, strangely enough, an intense interest in the birds that appeared in great variety in the garden outside, of which the favourite was a lone, plump cock pheasant which from time to time dropped heavily into the grass; there was an endless exchange of personal reminiscences of every sort and kind; there were no dirty stories. After long hours of listening to conversation of this kind I came to the conclusion that the overwhelming interest of my fellow patients was in the personal life, adventures, and especially disasters, of individual human beings, known not at second-hand, as from literature or from the press, but from the direct experience of daily life.

VIII

IN THE earliest days of my stay in hospital, when I only recovered consciousness at rare and brief intervals, which usually seemed to occur, for some reason, at night, I became aware of a figure which occupied a bed almost opposite to mine and next to the glass partition which divided the day-room from the ward. It did not lie, but squatted on its bed in the rosy glow of the night light immediately overhead, and seemed, so far as I could tell, to be writing feverishly with concentrated haste, as if what it was writing were of immense importance and there was little time to finish it. I could not see very clearly; in the half-darkness everything was ghostly, vague, indistinct. But before I lapsed into sleep again, I had an impression of a head bowed in profile, like a late and decadent Greek coin, and of black curly hair that fell in profusion almost to the line of the eyebrows.

On the following days, this figure became familiar to me and acquired a name and a personality, and at first it was to me a source of irritation and annoyance. It was the figure of a young man of eighteen or nineteen, and

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he had only to open his mouth for one to know that he was a Scotsman; his name was Jock McGregor. The first impression he made, by the light of day, was one of perpetual and incessant movement, and it was this that annoyed me, because it continuously broke into the kind of trance in which I lived at that time. His leg had been cut off between the knee and the ankle, but this seemed to stimulate rather than to hamper his incessant physical activity. He had a pair of steel elbow crutches on which he moved with incredible speed and agility, swinging through the air on his one good leg as if he were an acrobat rather than a cripple. But even without their aid he was equally mobile, as he then proceeded in a series of gigantic hops that carried him headlong from one end of the ward to the other, like an atom whose intervening positions cannot be calculated. Even his amputated leg was not useless to him; he used it as if, instead of being crippled, he had been given an additional limb. His favourite trick was to stand at the billiard table on his good leg and play billiards with the amputated one. He reminded me of a wonderful Negro dancer I had seen in my youth, called Peg Leg Bates, who on one good leg and one wooden executed the most complicated and painful steps to the music of a Negro jazz band.

When I came to know him, I learned that Jock had been in and out of the hospital, at very short intervals, for a period of four years. Even before that, he had injured his foot by treading on a nail while walking barefoot on the sands of the Clyde, where he had been born. From that time, his life had been a series of extremely skilful, difficult, and wholly unsuccessful operations which had culminated in the amputation of his now useless foot and ankle. I never heard him complain of what he had suffered, and it did not seem to occur to him that he was now in any way handicapped; and indeed in this he was perhaps right, for by comparison with most of us in the ward, and perhaps indeed with most men, he was a miracle of physical energy. He had an extraordinary vitality that buzzed and hummed within him like a powerful electric dynamo; he also had an extraordinary physical beauty that seemed as it were the reflection and expression of the energy by which he was possessed. He had a small, beautifully proportioned body that was marred only by the round, smooth, ugly stump of his amputated leg; his thick, black curly hair grew low over his forehead, above a short, straight nose and a mouth that was astonishingly mobile and expressive. His eyelashes were the envy of all the nurses, with whom he was a favourite; sometimes one would ask him jokingly if she could borrow them for the dance that night. An animal, one would have said; but like most animals that are domesticated, as he was domesticated in hospital, his natural instincts were overlaid by neuroses that almost made him human.

When I first came to know him, he had been waiting for a month for the artificial foot which was to replace his own, and he talked endlessly of what he was going to do when it came; though indeed it seemed to me that it could not possibly make him any more active than he was already. Most of all he talked of how he would be able to play football again, of which he was very fond, but he accepted that now he might have to play in goal instead of at inside-right. There was really no reason why, during this period of waiting, he should have stayed in hospital at all; he was physically perfectly capable of making his way about in the outside world. But gradually I learned that he stayed because he had nowhere else to go. His mother was dead; his father, a steelworker in the North of England, had married again and since that time neither he nor his new wife had taken any interest in his son. Without bitterness Jock told me that during his four years in hospital he had never received a visit or a letter from his father or his stepmother, nor did this seem to surprise him in any way; how he lived during the brief intervals when he had been discharged from hospital I could never quite discover, though he spoke vaguely of friends and I learned that immediately before his leg had been amputated he had worked as a builder's labourer

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and had without difficulty earned sixteen or seventeen pounds a week.

The truth was that the hospital had become his home; he had no other. The only regret he appeared to have in life was that, because of lack of education, he could never become a surgeon. He had acquired an astonishingly accurate knowledge of everything to do with his own operations and those of every other patient in the ward, borrowed medical books from the house doctors, and pestered them for permission to be present at the operations in the operating theatre; and yet it was clear that, for all his knowledge, his ambition to be a surgeon meant chiefly to him that he would never have to leave the only home he knew. When I asked him what in fact he proposed to do when he did leave hospital, he said that he would enter a government training establishment where he could live in a hostel and train to become an aircraft fitter.

Alas, I could not think that he would be well fitted for such an apprenticeship. For just as he had come to regard the hospital as his home, so the hospital after so many years seemed to regard him as its child, and a particularly privileged one, for he broke all its rules with complete impunity. Every night, when everyone else was either asleep or trying vainly to sleep, he squatted on his bed, the stump of his amputated leg protruding from his pyjamas, and wrote interminably until the early hours of the morning. I wondered at first what immense work he was engaged upon; later I learned that these were letters to a nurse whom he was in love with and who worked in another section of the hospital. I gathered indeed that during his long stay in hospital he had made love to most of the nurses; many of them treated him with the detached affection with which ex-wives treat their former husbands. Each morning the product of his night's labours was sealed in an envelope and handed to one of the departing night nurses for delivery to its recipient; when the day nurses came on duty, one of them would hand over an equally bulky envelope to him. This immense correspondence, conducted from one ward to another, had been in progress for several months, and was a matter of intense interest to all the nurses. I often wondered what he could find to write at such length each night; once he produced for me from his suitcase the whole series of his correspondent's letters, neatly docketed, filed, and indexed. How I wanted to read them! but when I asked what she wrote to him each day, he only murmured mysteriously: *You could make a novel out of these.*

No one disturbed him at his nightly task, though for everyone else the rule of rest and sleep after lights out was strictly enforced; it was as if the staff and the patients alike realised that in his case the enforcement of discipline would be intolerable. They seemed to recognise instinctively in him a principle of anarchy which was as much deserving of respect of any other principle by which a man, or a boy, may live; and yet no one else seemed to take advantage of the freedom which he abused unscrupulously. Having written through the night, when the day staff arrived to serve breakfast at some appallingly early hour he would be fast asleep and continued to sleep throughout the morning until he felt hungry enough to wake up and help himself, amid giggles and scuffles, to some food in the little pantry where the nurses made cups of tea for themselves throughout the day.

The time came when at last his surgical boot was ready, and having been driven over to the neighbouring town to have it fitted by the makers, he at length returned triumphantly with it to the hospital. It was an elaborate and ugly contraption of composition attached to a steel and leather gaiter which fitted over the amputated stump of his leg, and he proudly demonstrated to us how skilfully it was made. Yet it soon became evident that it didn't assist those nimble and agile movements with which he flashed through the ward with the aid of his crutches, or those immense, birdlike hops by which he seemed to take off from the ground altogether. Crippled, he had been swifter and

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more active than an athlete; now he dragged his new foot behind him and limped awkwardly as the stiff new leather rubbed and chafed at his amputated flesh. He had seemed like a great bird that flew through the ward, but now he was truly a cripple, as awkward and earth-bound as any of us.

Yet he did not cease to announce that now he was whole again, even though the horrible boot soon rubbed his flesh into ugly and painful sores.

He now revealed that writing was not his only accomplishment. During the afternoon hours, when walking patients were allowed to leave the hospital grounds, he would now drag himself painfully for miles over the heath nearby and return sweating with pain but still asserting triumphantly that his new limb was as good if not better than the old one had been. On his return from these walks he would show me his sketch book in which he had drawn views of the landscape around the heath. They were immensely detailed, drawn with a meticulous accuracy that recorded every tiny detail of tree and field and flower, so that they never in any sense composed a picture yet expressed with surprising vividness and freshness the love which he had expended on them. He took immense pains with them, working on them after he had returned from his walks, but when I complimented him on them, he merely complained that however hard he worked at them they always missed the only really important thing he had seen on his walk, though what this one thing was he never told me.

I used to wonder how this extraordinary creature would be able to adapt himself again to the world outside the walls of our hospital, for he had become so much a part of it that it hardly seemed he could exist outside it. And indeed when I asked him about his life on his brief excursions out of hospital, it seemed to have been very largely a matter of liquor, love, and fights. He was exceedingly fond of the whiskey of his native land, and when I succeeded in smuggling a bottle into the hospital, we used to drink surreptitiously together when the others were asleep. And with his physical energy and good looks it was impossible that he should not always be involved with women, and equally impossible that outside hospital he should meet with the same long-suffering patience and affection which he met with there. When I asked him where he was going when he left, he spoke again of his training establishment, but without conviction, as if he knew he would not really be able to endure it. Also it seemed that anyhow he would not enter it for a month and in the meanwhile he had nowhere to go. He spoke enthusiastically of being at liberty again, of being able to do exactly what he wanted, yet there was in his voice an uncertain note, as if he suspected that outside the hospital only loneliness and disaster lay before him.

Yet at last the time came for him to leave, and by a coincidence it was on the same day on which I was myself discharged. I talked to him while he waited to catch the bus which passed the gates at the end of the hospital drive. He was wearing a cheap and worn blue suit, with a check cap on that wonderful dark-featured head, and when he walked the dreadful surgical boot seemed to drag painfully and heavily on the ground. And at last he went, promising to write to me though I knew that he would not, and now when I have almost forgotten the hospital I wonder what has happened to him and what extraordinary and disastrous adventures he has met with outside its protecting walls.

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Hilary A. Marquand

Report on Kenya

Still hope, still time

I FIRST visited Kenya in 1948 in order to make a report to my colleagues in the Labour Government on its economic needs and potentialities. Returning exactly ten years later, I was greeted everywhere by the remark: "You must see great changes in Nairobi." Indeed I did. There are new buildings everywhere: for government—central, county, and city; for business, banking, and industry. The railway has been moved to make room for a motor parkway better than any in London: its grass verges are brilliant green, its trees and shrubs blaze with tropical flowers. So do the gardens of the new Parliament Building, which a visitor from our stuffy Palace of Westminster is bound to envy. These things are evidence of the boom which the whole of East Africa enjoyed during the five years when the prices of coffee, sisal, cotton, pyrethrum, and other tropical products were high.

In 1948 I reported to my colleagues that again and again I had seen Africans working in rags. To-day there are rags to be seen sometimes; but the clothing of the Africans is greatly improved. Most notable of all, the great majority walk in shoes. The principal shoe factory was a small pioneer affair in 1948 with Africans as labourers and Asians as machine operators. To-day it is manned almost entirely by Africans, turning out thousands of pairs of cheap but serviceable shoes every day. Following its example, several other firms are catering for the African market, the total buying power of which is said to have risen from less than £12 million in 1950 to more than £30 million in 1956. Opportunities for factory work are being given to women as well as to men, and their productivity is rising. Until recently, employment was still expanding. Moreover, employers and municipalities are providing much improved housing, which compares not unfavourably with what I have seen being built for workpeople in Bombay and Madras. In the expanding town of Nakuru, near the famous White Highlands, it was a pleasure to see cheerful groups of women being trained in housewifery and their children nearby doing their p.t. under guidance from their primary school teachers. The local M.P. who came round with the visitors and the town officials—just as a local M.P. would do in England—was an African, Arap Moy.

These things are true. So, no doubt, is the claim of the Kenya Government that the average money wage of employed Africans has been rising in recent years by from 17 to 20 per cent. per annum, and that the real wages—the buying power—of urban African workers are 50 per cent. greater than they were ten years ago. But percentages cannot tell the whole of the story. One must know how much the actual earnings are. In 1956 the average annual income of a European male in private industry and commerce was £1,396, of an African only £74. In agriculture the corresponding figures were £1,083 and £32.

KENYA is a land of startling contrasts. Its new international airport, constructed much more cheaply than it could have been in Europe, has just been opened. It cost more

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than £2 million, and provides facilities for the biggest and fastest aircraft. Not many miles away, as the motorists travel down to the coast for pleasure on the beach or business in Mombasa, they pass between herds of buck, or zebra, or giraffe: their only fellow humans on the road are the tall Masai, scantily clad, carrying spears, herding the cattle which provide them with their food, living as men lived long before Cæsar came to Gaul. If you travel in the other direction, through Nairobi itself, and out along the tarmac past the large and comfortable dwellings of the delectable Highlands, you will probably never see a draft animal. Here are none of the bullock carts or tongas of India, not even the donkeys of Sudan; and in many respects the ancient customs remain. The pastoral Masai may have contracted out of the modern economy and refused all but the minimum contact with Western ways. The other, settled, tribes have not. Firewood for fuel in huge bundles, or bunches of bananas and other foods, are carried on the bent backs of the Kikuyu women. There are some bicycles, though not as many as in neighbouring Uganda; but the long procession of walkers along the roadsides is almost endless. Past them stream the motor cars every morning and every evening, on the journey to and from Nairobi, each, as in London, with its driver and two or three empty seats. In this contrast between the walker on the edge and the motorist on the tarmac, the gap between £74 and £1,400 a year is made manifest. The rushing motorist may not give it much thought. The walker has plenty of time to brood upon it. It is not merely a gap—as wide as in the France of Louis XV—between rich and poor, between manager and operative, between governor and governed. It is a gap between white and black, between European and African.

It is fair to say that where the economic gap —or, rather, gulf—has been narrowed, understanding between the races has been much improved in ten years. In 1948, I met the European Chamber of Commerce in a well-appointed hall; but I met the Asian Chamber —a small number of men—in a dingy and shabby little room. I cannot remember meeting any African during all my numerous discussions of high policy. Nor were there any Africans or Asians in any hotel that I entered. Now, despite the fact that the Mau Mau rising has taken place meanwhile, the colour bar has been lowered. There is one Chamber of Commerce containing all races. Africans as well as Asians and Europeans are to be found in some hotels. The United Kenya Club welcomes white, black, and brown to its weekly luncheons. In some private houses there is easy and unembarrassed social intercourse between all three races. At the culmination of a fine display of tribal dancing in Nairobi, the enthusiastic spectators broke barriers and poured out of the stands, sitting beside one another on the grass, without any regard to colour, in order to take photographs or get a better view. Except for land ownership, apartheid is no part of public law or policy in Kenya; and the number and influence of Europeans who adopt the attitudes of apartheid have certainly diminished.

OF COURSE, this is all to the good; but the inter-racial contacts I have mentioned are contacts between men of at least approximately equal incomes. The Africans concerned are teachers, civil servants, lawyers, with very rarely a business man among them. If they have not completely bridged the economic gap between the races, they have narrowed it considerably. But goodwill, liberalism, and the cultivation of understanding can never abolish the gap or make a truly inter-racial society until economic differences throughout the economy are reduced to tolerable proportions. That can be done only by economic development, and by some deliberate redistribution of income and opportunity.

Though industry has been expanding during recent years, and will develop further if the country is not rent again by strife, agriculture is the chief source of livelihood for the vast mass of Africans and for a very large proportion of Europeans too. They obtain their oil, their machinery, their motor cars, and many other manufactured goods by exporting farm products—coffee, tea, sisal,

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pyrethrum, etc.—to the industrial nations. The mineral resources, and even the hydro-electric potential, of the territory are so limited that, for as far ahead as can be seen, the majority of Kenyans must be farmers and foresters.

I have heard it argued that before the white man came and settled in Kenya, Africans had their own methods of farming appropriate to their own type of civilisation and that it was not so wasteful as is commonly supposed. That may be so: I cannot judge. I am certain, however, that much of the African farming which I saw in 1948 was wasteful and inappropriate to a 20th-century economy. As I flew down the East Coast of Africa in that year I saw a continuous band of yellow, many miles wide, between the shore and the deep blue of the ocean. It was the topsoil of Africa, washed away by tropical rain and carried in brown rivers to the sea. When I travelled inland I saw hundreds of square miles of bright red, uncultivable earth. In 1958 I visited the Machakos district, once almost a dustbowl, and saw everywhere carefully terraced hillsides with crops growing on them. The rivers were not yet quite clear, but they were no longer thick with valuable mud. The European officers and their African subordinates who have taught flood control, conservation, terracing, and many other basic techniques of good husbandry throughout East Africa are worthy of the highest praise. Their strongest desire seems to be to be granted more funds wherewith to provide more of the health and community centres which are still needed, and to be given more time to pass on their skill to Africans capable of taking their place.

A similar story could be told of the foresters. These men of the trees, European and Asian, are almost a race apart—they seem to take but little interest in the world outside and they certainly prefer the silence and loneliness of the forests to the clatter and bustle of the towns. When I talked to them in 1948, I suggested that their planned plantings be doubled; for I felt confident that greatly increased quantities of the softwood which grows at astonishing speed, eight or nine thousand feet above sea level, in the abundant sunshine of the equator, could eventually be absorbed by the expanding markets of the West and of Africa itself. The targets were increased, but only recently has the full programme been approved. Planting is going ahead with great rapidity. Employment will be given to a further 5,000 Kikuyu—whose ancestors were forest dwellers—and already-settled villages with schools and community centres are being established. These developments will be as valuable in controlling floods and conserving soil as in the production of a useful and saleable crop.

WHAT of European agriculture? As everyone knows, it is carried on in highland areas reserved for farms managed by Europeans, who are not allowed to operate farms in areas reserved for African tribes. The typical farm in the Highlands is a large one and the typical farmer employs large numbers of Africans, who live with their families on his estate and grow crops for their own subsistence. Much has been written about this system of land tenure and farming, and its semi-feudal society. I have not the space, even had I the expertise, to write all that over again. I only want to mention some aspects of it which I saw with my own eyes. It is clear that the majority of white farmers and their wives live in the White House rather than the log cabin. Yet it is easy to exaggerate the numbers who could truly be described as "idle rich." I met pioneers who had put great effort and skill into a lifetime of good husbandry. There are young men with their young wives, who emigrated after the war, who have worked very hard with their own hands and have made the desert blossom as the rose. They and many others are doing a good farming job, a great deal of it in country where extensive farming of units of at least 1,200 acres is appropriate, and where typical small-scale African farming would not be suitable. As soon as possible African Co-operatives should also be given the opportunity to farm similarly large holdings in the Highlands.

Even the attitude of the "settler" to the

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African may be misrepresented. Probably the Africans who work for him have as strong a belief in sorcery and witchcraft as the Elizabethans, or are as ready as any mediæval baron to resort to force for the settlement of private wrongs. He may not make due allowance for this; he may never have met educated Africans and may therefore have unwarranted fear of them. If I may judge from what was said to me (and how else can I judge?) I would say that reactionary sentiment about Africans is stronger among commercial or "business" men (not industrial managers) than it is among men actively engaged in farming.

But, when all due allowances have been made, two facts remain, which make the White Highlands a centre of controversy. Despite liberal utterances by some European leaders, these areas are still reserved to Europeans; and the number of Europeans in Kenya is increasing—mainly because of immigration—faster than those of any other race. Africans fear that increased numbers will demand reservation of still more land. Land is the basis of social security for Africans and their resentments and suspicions about its reservation are very deeply felt. It was a young European farmer in the Highlands who suggested to me that some large estates there might be sold to African co-operatives who could farm them on the extensive pattern necessary for success. The case for such a development is unanswerable.

IN THE underdeveloped areas of the world the war upon disease has gone ahead faster than the war upon want. Kenya is no exception. There has been a marked improvement in maternal and child health. Consequently, 40 per cent. of the population now consists of children under working age. If the standard of living is not to decline, output must be increased so as to provide for them, and new employment opportunities must be ready for them as they grow up. An ambitious new programme of development is required. It requires much more capital than the country can provide from its own resources.

At the foundation of any plan must be agriculture and forestry. The output of farm products needs to be greatly increased. There must be more food to feed more mouths; there must be more cash crops—tea, coffee, and the like—to pay for the import of essential manufactured goods and to meet the interest charges on loans. There are two ways to get this increased output. One is to bring more land under cultivation, mainly by controlling the flow of rivers and providing irrigation where rainfall is insufficient. The other is to get a bigger output from existing land by better methods and by better land use. At present, land in the African reserves is divided into innumerable scattered holdings. In one district I was told that the average farmer had eight such plots. This sort of fragmentation is still a major obstacle to development in India and other under-developed countries. It once prevailed in Britain, where several generations passed before the enclosure movement ended it. When consolidation was achieved, making proper rotation and effective management possible, output greatly increased. Land consolidation is now going ahead in Kenya. The African, living with draft animals in the era of the aeroplane, is now asked to pass through the whole of our 18th-century agricultural revolution in a decade.

The revolution is going ahead by up-to-date methods under skilled direction and with astonishing speed. Gatundu in the Kiambu district recently announced the completion of consolidation. It is the first Division to do so. Surveys had to be made by experts and then confirmed by photography from the air; maps had to be made and customary rights to every piece of land ascertained and confirmed; consolidation proposals had then to be drafted so that everyone with previous rights received something, and secured access to water and a fair assignment of standing timber, different types of soil, and so on. Then this had to be discussed at length, approved by the Council of Elders, and complaints considered. Then documents of freehold title had to be drawn up, explained, and accepted. At the end of the process the individual is no longer the possessor of traditional but unwritten rights

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of cultivation of several scattered patches; he is the acknowledged owner of a farm. He may sell it, he may borrow money on the security of his title and so provide himself with capital—a plough, better seeds, an animal perhaps.

The speed with which this complicated process has been accomplished is just amazing. I was assured by the Council of Elders to whom I spoke that they approved the project and that their people welcomed it. Maybe. I hope so, for it is sound economics to do something like this. But I feel sure that they must still be bewildered. I spoke one night to a University extra-mural class not far from this district. The members were educated and could speak English: most were teachers. It so happened that, in answer to a question, I outlined the British system of taxation and mentioned Estate Duty. They fastened upon it at once in astonishment bordering upon horror. They told me without hesitation that they considered it morally wrong to break up land ownership and force sons to sell some of their father's property. The African has deep emotional feelings about land and it is not certain that consolidation at the present rate provokes no reactions. Nobody with existing rights of access has been deprived of them; but sons, brothers, or nephews who might have expectations, or customary rights of refuge in adversity to return to the family land, may have grievances later. Men coming back from detention camps may also be discontented when they find out what has gone on. Eventually, in any case, the process requires for its success the displacement of surplus labour. If employment cannot be found for the displaced, either on new irrigated land, or in the forests, or in industry, then smouldering resentment could break into flame.

UNFORTUNATELY, the necessary capital for all the development urgently needed cannot be found. The national income of the territory, which had been expanding rapidly, remained stationary during 1956. It may even decline in 1958. This is due mainly, though not entirely, to a fall in the price of Kenya's principal exports while the price of her imports is still rising. It means that the volume of her own savings cannot easily be expanded and that she is bound to find it more difficult to meet not only interest charges upon new capital from outside but to cover the steadily increasing recurrent expenditure arising from her previous investment in schools, clinics, or various other projects. On top of all that, the price of borrowing capital in London was sharply raised: on her last loan, issued at 97, Kenya had to pay interest at 6½ per cent. Finally, the United Kingdom Government, which benefited from the very price movements which injured Kenya, reduced its Welfare grants to her. The Kenya Government has therefore been forced to reduce its planned three-year development expenditure on African housing, on education, on agriculture, and even to some extent on forestry. The same influences which have affected investment of these kinds in the public sector may also reduce investment in private sector industry. Already unemployment has begun to increase.

These cuts are not merely reductions in a desirable programme of expanding amenity, such as they might be in Britain. Development in such a country as Kenya is a breeder reaction, a process with a planned rate of acceleration. The phased programme has reached a point where, if it continued as intended, a big new expansion of activity would suddenly appear. Check it at this point and disaster can become cumulative. This is particularly true of education where the production of a sufficient number of educated young Africans capable of becoming cadets in the administration, veterinary and agricultural officers, road engineers, and hospital administrators depends upon the production of teachers from training colleges; that, in turn, upon the expansion of secondary schools; and that upon a secure and expanding output from primary schools, which must also have teachers. The whole process is intricate and must be carefully planned. Change the plan and you set back for years, perhaps for a generation, the economic and political development as a whole, which

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needs skilled Africans for its fulfilment. Add to that the passionate desire of African parents that their children should be educated and the fact that at present only two children in three have any chance at all of getting it, and it is clear that a failure to fulfil plans may produce intense feelings of frustration and discontent.

SUCH, then, is the social and economic background to Kenya politics. They cannot be understood merely in terms of a clash of personalities or the intrigues of groups or even the details of a constitution. There lie behind these phenomena all the pressures of an economic and social revolution in the midst of a trade depression.

Is the tension which exists in any way a recrudescence of Mau Mau? That is a question often asked. I am quite unfitted to answer it. I can only say that Mau Mau appears to have been a mass psychosis provoked by the strain of undergoing in fifty years a change in the way of life for which the peoples of Europe required two thousand. It is probable that it will not recur. It seems that no former Mau Mau members have been found in Kiaama Kia Muingi (KKM), the Kikuyu secret society, many of whose leaders were recently arrested. Secret societies are common enough in Africa; and though nobody supposes that this one is negligible, well-informed persons have told me that they do not regard it as especially dangerous. Similarly, Mr. Tom Mboya's recent laudatory reference in a speech to Jomo Kenyatta is doubtless an appeal to fervent nationalism rather than to the spirit of Mau Mau. In the circumstances of the moment, however, it was most unwise to say what he did, and it must have added to the tension which exists.

Kenya's new constitution, which has recently come into operation, was, I think, honestly intended by Mr. Lennox-Boyd as an advance on the former Lyttleton Settlement and as a first step towards the day when, instead of each race having separate constituencies, all three would vote together in inter-racial constituencies. The African-elected members of the legislature rejected it as soon as they saw it. I have questioned them closely about it and I am sure that they are unanimous and quite convinced about their stand. They say that they were not fully consulted beforehand about its provisions. There are divergent accounts of what took place. It may be that the Africans insisted too rigidly on acceptance, in advance of any meeting, of their claim to twenty-three seats in the legislature. The fact remains, wherever the blame may be, that they were not "consulted" about the details of the constitution and that no full and free exchange of views about its details took place before it was promulgated.

"Consultation" is a word with many shades of meaning: I feel sure that, in the sense of having full opportunity to discuss it, to suggest possible alternatives and to be treated as full participants in framing it, they were not consulted. But much more important was their deeply ingrained belief that the constitution was intended as an instrument to give the European minority permanent control of the country. They believed that this had already been done by the new constitution of the Central African Federation, and they found the Council of State in the Kenya constitution suspiciously like the African Affairs Board in Central Africa—whose opinion had been immediately overruled when it had protested against legislation discriminating against Africans. They were confirmed in their belief that the whole thing was a trick by the provision for the election of four Europeans, four Africans, three Asians, and one Arab by the remainder of the legislature sittings as an Electoral College. They pointed out that, as nominated as well as elected members would be entitled to vote, Europeans would have the power, if they joined together, to choose the African or Asian members. They were relieved to some extent by Mr. Lennox-Boyd's statement that he did not contemplate in the foreseeable future the handing over of the final authority of the United Kingdom to a Kenya Government; but they asked for a declaration that the ultimate intention was democratic self-government by an elected majority on a common franchise. They did not get it.

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THE fourteen directly-elected African legislators who are united in opposition to the constitution are an impressive group of men. One, Dr. Kiano, a trained economist and a Ph.D. of an American University, ran his recent highly successful election campaign against a former Minister (also African, of course) not on name-calling or violent nationalist appeals, but on a criticism of the government's economic plan. Another, Mr. Matte, a cultivated, intelligent man, a graduate of my own university, whom it is a pleasure to talk to, is a teacher. So are Arap Moy, whom I have already mentioned, and others of the group. Mr. Oginga Odinga, a picturesque figure who prefers tribal to European clothing, has been studying Parliamentary procedure in London. These men may make some wild speeches, as other nationalist leaders have done before them, but perhaps they are no worse than those of the physical-force Chartists or of Lloyd George. I have never seen them on the platform. I can testify that they argue cogently and reasonably around the table.

Their leader, Mr. Tom Mboya, is a strong personality, a former student of Ruskin College, Oxford. He is calm and restrained in conversation, explaining his arguments lucidly and carefully, without exaggeration, in precise and perfect English with none of the "I means," indicating looseness of thought, which disfigure so much speech in Britain to-day. He built up the Kenya Federation of Labour and is its Secretary. Employers testify to his skill and objectivity as a negotiator. There is a man-size job to be done in building and thoroughly consolidating a trade union movement in Kenya. If Mr. Mboya were to devote more time to it, he might build upon that rock a firmer political support than he can create otherwise, just as Ernest Bevin or Norman Manley did before him.

I do not believe the story which some tell that Dr. Kiano will set out to become a rival to Mboya. The two men are, it seems to me, by nature complementary and probably both have the sense to see it. Mboya has magnetism, Kiano expertise; and they could be a formidable combination. As long as the present constitution lasts, they will no doubt refuse to take office, even if asked. Any African-elected member who did so in present circumstances would be, in effect, a minority member of a coalition obliged to accept responsibility for many decisions which he could not wholly approve and therefore fated to forfeit the confidence of his own supporters. An African might be inspired to emulate Bevin: he would be silly to imitate Macdonald. But I feel confident that they and many of their associates fully appreciate that they lack administrative experience, and I hope they will do their best to operate a constructive, well-informed opposition in the legislature, giving each Member an assigned sphere in which to specialise.

I BELIEVE that African members are well aware that they themselves need more training and experience before accepting full Ministerial responsibility. I believe that they realise that the rapid development of Kenya and the raising of African living standards require the help of foreign capital. They know that Dr. Nkrumah and Mr. Manley seek such aid, just as Mr. Nehru does. I am sure they understand that to attempt to expropriate existing capital belonging to Europeans and Asians now in Kenya would destroy any chance of obtaining more from outside. They have assured me that they do not wish to drive out any Asian or European who wishes to make Kenya truly his home.

Among the other races, it is well known that both Asian communities want to make some accommodation with the African point of view. They know, if others do not always appreciate it, that events are moving fast, and that the movement against colonialism, and for democracy and national self-determination, cannot in the end be resisted, even if one wished. They are aware that in India there are now more civilian British than there were under the Empire, that Indian Ministers often ask them to remain. They are right to believe that in similar circumstances they could continue to render similar service to an independent Kenya.

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Is there, then, any hope of breaking the constitutional deadlock and winning African co-operation in a great drive for development and modernisation? The answer must depend upon the willingness, or otherwise, of all groups to call a temporary political truce during which the economic programme can be re-examined and intensified and a basic agreement on political advance be hammered out. A lead in this direction should come from the United Kingdom. It is time to state clearly, what few in Britain would deny, that eventually a truly multi-racial society can exist with goodwill and safety in the 20th century only if the government be based upon the will of the majority. A public declaration should be made that the ultimate aim of British policy is democratic self-government in Kenya, with some safeguards for minorities, but with majority rule. I would say that, of course, this must be achieved by stages. I would then invite Europeans, Asians, and Africans in the legislature to set up a select committee to review the working of the present constitution during a period of three years and then present proposals for the next stage of constitutional advance. I believe this would give Asians and Africans a fair opportunity for constructive work: I believe it need cause Europeans no apprehension: I believe it would help to overcome heavy economic difficulties, a task which cannot be accomplished without African goodwill.

Peter Redgrove

He Says, She Says

He says: "I cannot think but that it must
Cost a lot to run two people on one heart
To share sweet oranges and young grapes of lust
And in the practice of that most careful art
To live in love and watch it die in sleep,
Not like screwing up a half-hammered novel,
But watch mistakes grow tall and sway and weep,
And in a windy year until their rich heads grovel."

She says: "I wouldn't want to blame you
But since you put yourself in the way of opinion
Are you a man? and is it really true
To write 'he'? Is this why you came?"

Reaching angrily to strip her, to his surprise,
His difficult bliss, he found he was.

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FROM THE OTHER SHORE

One of the most interesting literary phenomena in recent Polish literature is the "realist" reaction against "socialist realism." Marek Hlasko, who was interviewed in these pages two months ago, is the outstanding representative of this trend. But he has found many followers writing in a strikingly similar style, termed "Hlaskoism" in Poland. One of them is a very young woman writer, Monika Kotowska, whose story, printed below, is taken from a collection called "God Has Created the World For Me."

Although the influence of American literature (with a dash of existentialism) is clearly visible, the raw material of Hlasko and Kotowska is provided by their own contemporaries in Poland. They voice their emotions and display—perhaps in a self-consciously exaggerated manner—their attitudes. Parallel to the angry romantic young "tough guy" is the angry romantic young "tough girl." They possess characteristics common to all angry young men (and women); but comparisons with their British counterparts may be easily misleading. For the young Poles, "Redbrick" invokes prisons, not universities. And an Osborne hero, for all his waspishness, would not say colloquially: "I would send him to a gas-chamber with pleasure"—an expression used quite unselfconsciously by one of the teenage "chicks" in this story by Kotowska.

These young writers have recently been subjected to a combined attack by the traditionally prudish Catholic elements, fulminating against their "immorality," and the Party *apparatchiki* who are offended by the "unqualified realism" of their writings. Hlasko's books have even been burnt in a provincial town; and the Party has announced the cessation of publication of such writings. Various books which were already in print were confiscated. Some of them, like Leopold Tyrmand's "Seven Distant Sea-Voyages," were completely apolitical, but they were said to contain "immoral" scenes. This wave of prudery has united various obscurantist elements from right, left, and centre. The moral revulsion of youth against what is euphemistically called "the previous period" is now condemned in the name of morality itself. Political immorality and moralistic prudery often go together, but rarely can they have combined such diverse elements.

What will be the effects of such developments? One thing is certain: lost faith, like lost virtue, is not to be reacquired. The recent tightening of controls in Poland may consolidate the Party's hold over literature and youth, but only at the price of alienating them once again. The heroes of Hlasko and Kotowska might be reduced to silence, or corrupted by opportunism: but their ideological catharsis cannot be undone.

THREE CHICKS ON A PIER

by

Monika Kotowska

THEY were talking among themselves, munching sweets. Holidaymakers kept on stopping to steal a look at them: the girls were very pretty.

Inka became, in the coloured lights of the lanterns, even more fragile—breathe, and she would fly to heaven—Baska's exotic eyes became little slits (black as soot, bottomless), Maya's hair seemed to sparkle.

They stared at the reddening sea, towards which the round sun was slowly rolling.

"More, more, more," Baska urged it on. "A little more and you will be like my taffeta skirt. I love you, sea, you bitch."

It was the time of day when they talked maliciously about people they knew. They called it the daily gossip-concert.

One of them, the wife of a well-known satirical journalist, passed by.

"How do you figure it? Such a ladies' man, a lecher and a wit! Hooked to this cow!"

"Maybe carelessness first, and then he was a gentleman?"

"Or the law of contrasts?"

"Oh, I think it is one of his jokes."

Maya became thoughtful for a moment and added:

"And maybe it's just her pose? Some dames play a part...."

Inka, looking like a depraved angel, asked innocently:

"Would she play the part of a cow?"

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"Who knows? We often try to appear our own negatives. The positives smell of dullness."

"But... such a part?"

'Playing with contradictions, there is some fun in it."

Maya likes to be dogmatic. The attention with which the other girls are listening flatters her.

But here come the boys. They look round attentively. The girls hide behind the barrier. Only Baska hesitates for a while.

The girls laugh.

"He put on new dungarees in your honour! Maybe you'll make up your mind?"

"The freshness of youth, and so on. Although personally I would advise you against it. He is movingly chaste. He needs basic education."

"You think so?"

Baska lazily gets up, Inka looks at her watch.

"Six o'clock. You've still got an hour before supper."

Baska smiles hesitantly.

"I like such things before sunset. There's a taste to it...."

"Don't forget to buy a bottle of pop on your way back."

Baska leaves.

The sea is getting darker. The two girls stare at it reflectively. Suddenly Inka says:

"I'm going to be eighteen to-morrow. To-morrow...."

"What about to-morrow?"

"Oh, nothing. The festival begins to-morrow."

"Do you know"—says Maya—"jazz reminds me of a buzz-saw. It rubs on your nerves and turns your blood hot. Do you know the feeling?"

"Yes, I know. When I was travelling in a restaurant car there was a certain guy..."

"And so what?"

"Nothing. I was very sentimental, then. I even made a date...."

"With whom?"

"With life. Let it arrange a meeting. Before I'm eighteen.... But look, there, what a classy cut!"

"Are you still dreaming about this guy from the train? Do you think he'll come out of the blue? Right for your birthday?"

"I doubt it."

"Well, then, who?"

"What's the difference? If I don't meet him, it is no difference to me. I've been waiting the whole year for him and... One has to do it some time... for the first time."

Seeing Maya's astonished expression, Inka burst out laughing.

"Are you surprised? Have I played my part well?"

"You certainly have. And if you happen to come across this one from the train, for instance the day *after* to-morrow?"

"Then I shan't be so green. He won't be able to laugh at me. After all, one can be a virgin, well... up to seventeen."

The loudspeaker stopped blaring dance music and roared the march of the First Army.

"The Twenty-second of July! I completely forgot."

Inka became obviously agitated.

"Will they cancel the 'canoodling'?"

"I very much rather think I doubt it."

They burst out laughing. That was one of the sayings of the waiter at the restaurant. He came from Targowek and had a capital vocabulary.

After the march of the First Army came the turn of the March of Friendship. Maya became thoughtful.

"You know, I really feel like telling you now about my great love."

"What are you putting on a show for?"

"I am not putting on a show. I'm trying to tell you about myself."

They laughed again.

"Can't we play at this once a year? At Easter —that is, excuse me, on the Day of Liberation. To play the parts of noble friends confiding in each other.

"Terribly noble and terribly unhappy!"

"Then it was also July. Twenty-second. I loved him for a long time, faithfully and painfully. Among other things for being such an idealist. A Model Communist, a fiery warrior of the Revolution. In a word, a leader of the Communist Youth Organisation. Don't laugh! At one time, I wanted most of all to become militant, fearless... activist...."

"Marxist, immaculate, reading the press, vigilant, serene in spirit and face! A fiery soldier of Socialism! I am not laughing. Go on!"

"Well, it was the Twenty-second. My ideal walked me home for the first time. We confessed our love to each other and things like that. Why did it happen just then? I suppose my ideal thought that it is fitting to sleep with a girl for the first time on a festive day. For instance, on a National Holiday. Everything was to go off nicely and smoothly. I had then the reputation of being very experienced. In other words of a girl who sleeps with everybody. Because I wore a fringe and I liked foreign clothes. I dressed well, in fact: but apart from this I was a real innocent. A rubber doll, pumped full of sentimentality. I walked the street for hours, dreaming and dying of love. I had imagined this day a thousand times: on the way home we sang together all along. Such moving dreams—from the 'positive' category. That evening, in fact, he tried lyrical songs. Anyhow I was very silent. I was nightmarishly sad."

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"Why?"

"I don't know. Maybe because I was head over heels in love? Because the dream came true? I don't know. But I know I shall never live through such happiness. . . ."

". . . Happiness?"

". . . like this sadness. But let's get back to it. Suddenly the guy asks politely: 'Why don't you say anything? Are you worried? I know you've done it before. I know you've done it often, but never mind about that. It makes no difference to me. Bourgeois prejudices! For me, only convictions matter'—and some other things like that. . . . At the bus stop we met Krzysiek and I went with him to a dance."

"And what about this activist of yours?"

"I left him behind. I gave him up. After dancing I went with Krzysiek and stayed with him all night."

"Did you like him?"

"So, so. He danced quite well. He happened to come along at a very convenient moment. Of course, I had to spit at myself as soon as possible."

"Spit?"

"Naturally. For having loved such a heel for a whole year. Do you think I went with Krzysiek because this other character had given me absolution?"

Inka became thoughtful. She asked:

"Is Krzysiek the painter you introduced me to in that café, The New World?"

"So sunburnt, dark-brown like Fanfan in the movies?"

"Fanfan but black as a gypsy."

"In a lemon shirt? He dresses so interestingly."

"Yes, he does in fact. He was then wearing a bow-tie."

"That's Marat!" joyfully exclaimed Maya, "you are thinking of Marat! I began to live with Marat later. After Julian from Czechoslovakia. And I gave up Krzysiek after three nights. Oh! I could not stand him! I would send him to a gas-chamber with pleasure. I came to hate him like hell."

"What for?"

"How do I know? He was quite pleasant, in fact. One of those who recite poetry in bed. Perhaps for that? I can't remember. It's ancient history. The Italian cut was then the latest fashion."

"What are you talking about?" asked Baska, rejoining them. She took out of her pocket the bottle of pop. They each took a sip.

"We have indulged in an evening of confidences. An evening of maiden's prayers. In other words, I have been telling her how I went to bed for the first time with a guy."

Baska yawned. "It's terrible. Is there going to be a second instalment of these moving confessions?"

"There's no danger of it! Let's go dancing, dearies!"

They all went to the Grand.

*

They left at one o'clock in the morning. They sat on the pier. To celebrate the National Holiday a display of fireworks was arranged in town.

Bouquets of lights: green, red, and yellow—instead of decorating the town, they revealed even more its ugly greyness.

Maya was watching Baska. Inka had ceased to interest her.

"Why do you look at me so?"

"You remind me of an actress. She gassed herself in a film. Wait a minute . . . what film was it?"

"Was she noble and unhappy? The films are full of them. In books and theatre also. It's moving but boring. It's an obsolete rôle."

Later she whispered to Maya:

"You know, you've given me the mood on the pier to-day. I want to talk to you sometimes. Maybe to-morrow, if you want to? We shall get rid of the others, and stay in the students' hostel. We'll leave Inka alone."

"She has booked a room for to-morrow."

"A room and Wladek. She is right: he is the least objectionable of the three. And not so green. Well, he is a bit green, but I have already taught him a little. Inka will finish off the education, the boy will develop. And I will tell you a moving story. From the period when I was myself terribly innocent. I was sixteen."

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Herbert Luthy

Les Étrangers: A French Myth with Many Lives

THE French Revolution is the first great mythological event of modern history. It prefigured most of the modern myths, which are distinguished from ancient myths by being personal denunciations—evil is no longer incarnate in the Evil One, but in wicked persons who have only to be unmasked for the police to be able to arrest them—and by the elevation of public informers to the rôle of saints and saviours. The creators of this myth were poor wretches, slightly dotty but sincere and innocent, such as there have no doubt always been, and it is only because of the outstanding and durable success of their dark inventions that they have become pioneers: Le Prévost de Beaumont with his *Pacte de Famine*, Héron with his "Conspiracy To Bring Disaster on France and Spain And In Consequence on Holland and England; or The Horrors of The Old and The New Régime." But if Le Prévost was a martyr, Héron became a deputy. With the great official denouncers—of the Foreign Plot, of Pitt's Gold—in short, with Fouquier-Tinville, the profession acquires, so to speak, its patent of nobility.

The accusation of conspiracy is answered in kind. Counter-revolutionary myths yield nothing to the Jacobin ones. The trial of Cagliostro at Rome, in which the French Revolution was represented as a freemasons' plot hatched by the Illuminati of Bavaria and the Grand Orient of France, in many respects anticipated the Moscow trials. What is most curious is that the Jacobin myths and the Royalist myths touched at many points and often merge into each other. The Orleans plot is simply Pitt's Gold again, this time in the service of the revolution. Revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries vied with each other in their charges of foreign conspiracy, which was assumed to be the source of all evil and all perversion. If one looks closely, one will "see" foreigners everywhere—foreign agents, men of bad stock, or contaminated by foreign ideas, or unsound in some other way—and the worst are those who disguise themselves as natives.

The literature on the subject is rich, if somewhat monotonous and strikingly imprecise: the conspiracy is both vast and anonymous, and might easily embrace Rousseau, Marie Antoinette, Marat, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Mme. de Staël. It is enough to read the chapter headings of a book like that of M. Pouget de Saint-André's, published in 1929: "The Secret Authors of the French Revolution," "The Freemasons," "The Jews," "The Protestants," "The Swiss," "The Foreign Invasion of 1789" (this refers not to a military invasion, but to the arrival of some foreigners), "English agents."... The text adds little—in the end it is more or less a conspiracy of everybody, with the exception of the True French, for whom there is nothing left but emigration.

As an attempt at history, all this is on a pretty low level, it is true, but there is a great deal of it; nor has it ceased to trouble the dreams of the professional historians. The Plot crops up in the most serious writings. Albert Mathiez, the outstanding student of the Revolution during the past generation, devoted his best researches to the manifold ramifications of "the foreign conspiracy," with a thoroughness of documentation and a card-index precision that was not available to Fouquier-Tinville. Approaching the subject from the other side, the Abbé Lavaquery, in his monumentally erudite *Necker, fourrier de la Révolution*, displayed almost too much ingenuity in discovering "Genevans" practically everywhere. On both sides, the same cosmopolitan rabble plotted the revolution, if revolution is abhorrent; or hatched the counter-revolution, for those who exalt the reign of Virtue and the guillotine.

Astonishment would be out of place. The explanation of history in terms of conspiracy always offers this peculiar symmetry: from the great trials of the Terror, which flung into the same tumbril "aristocrats" and "ultra-revolutionaries," to those of Stalin which linked Trotsky with Sir Henry Deterding, and to the great Jewish-plutocratic-Marxist plot against the blond Aryans. Moreover, this symmetry does correspond with what the truth inevitably *appears* to be, when the procedure of a police

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enquiry is applied to great historical movements regarded as the work of a band of malefactors.

Like many cataclysms in history, the French Revolution had no authors, for nobody willed it, organised it, or even predicted it as it befell. And if one seeks its unintentional authors, one finds them everywhere, beginning with the king and his court: those who wanted to save the ancien régime by reforming it, those who stubbornly refused to yield an inch, those who grew fat on its decay, and those who wanted to destroy it—all these helped to overthrow it. In the ensuing collapse, all fought as best they could, blindly or seeingly, holding back or pushing forward, cynics and *exaltés*, system-builders, plotters, and careerists—there was an abundance of all of them in the midst of the universal panic and disarray. The "objective dialectic" of the event was not so different from the "historical" spy-thrillers of G. Lenôtre, the virtuoso of this genre, in whose books all the royalists are disguised Jacobins and all the Jacobins diabolical agents of Pitt.

In his fine book on the French Protestants and the Revolution,* Professor Burdette C. Poland, of the University of Nebraska, has isolated, from the endless chain of causes, one particular point for study: the part played by Protestants in the revolutionary storm. He refers to the writings of Pouget de Saint-André, to Ernest Renauld's *Le Péril protestant*, published in 1899 "to unmask the enemy, the Protestant allied to the Jew and the Freemason," which was successful enough to be published in eleven editions; and also to certain Protestant historians, like the clergyman Charles Durand, author of the only *Histoire du protestantisme français pendant la Révolution et l'Empire* (1902), who claims proudly, but without defining too closely the rôle attributed to his co-religionists, that "whatever was excellent in the revolution was the child of Protestantism"—for whatever was less excellent, apply elsewhere. Professor Poland investigates the facts which might confirm or disallow this rather sweeping claim, and this serves as a pretext for an excellent study in social and religious history.

On the questions raised by his title, his conclusions are necessarily disappointing. The reader will be only slightly surprised to learn that the French Protestants, excluded for a long time from the privileged orders and offices, were sparsely represented among the nobility and the clergy, and that, as part of the Third Estate, they adopted in 1789 the ideas and claims of that estate. This is about all that can be said of them taken as a whole. Nor, that having been said, is there a trace of a "Protestant party" or of an attitude common to Protestants in the later stages of the revolution. On the fringes of the great drama there were local incidents in which religious passions fused with political passions, and there were sharp disputes between individual Protestants—royalist, Girondin, and Jacobin. But one looks in vain for a man or a group who, in the midst of the tumult, acted *as Protestants*. One might have expected at least to find some joint demands put forward by this minority group, penalised as it was in matters of religious legislation. Professor Poland examines this question in great detail, and again we are disappointed: on all the questions which might have been expected to provoke their resentment or their religious interests—secularisation of Church property, the civil status of the clergy, the abolition of legal restrictions on Protestants, religious policy as a whole—the few Protestant deputies and politicians refrained from taking the lead; nor had they any need to do so. The National Assembly, including the clerical deputies, was not short of anti-clericals of good Catholic stock, led by the Bishop of Autun. Whether the discreet conduct of the Protestants was due to Machiavellism or to the elementary prudence of a minority which had everything to lose in any recrudescence of religious disputes, there is no confirmation of the idea of a "Calvinist plot."

It is all to the good that this should be demonstrated, or demonstrated once more. But not a single seeker after plots will be convinced. The question of the part played by Protestants in the French Revolution is probably a false question, and therefore not susceptible to reasonable refutation. Professor Poland discusses the question without apparently having grasped the real point—which speaks well for his uprightness of mind. Formerly a student at the University of Grenoble, he seems to have been struck, as foreigners sometimes are, by an unsuspected aspect of France, lay or orthodox: the curious survival of the spectres of the wars of religion, in changing and ever more turbid forms, throughout all the vicissitudes of contemporary French history. Having discovered that the Protestants were blamed or praised for having fomented the Revolution, it occurred to him—something that would scarcely occur to a Cartesian—to investigate the behaviour of Protestants before and during the Revolution, instead of reasoning from principles. Accordingly he has studied the history of the Protestant communities of France—that is, primarily of the Midi, the only region where they were to be found in large numbers, and in particularly great detail of the Dauphiné—from the revoca-

* *French Protestantism and the French Revolution: A Study in Church and State, Thought and Religion*, 1685–1815. By BURDETTE C. POLAND. Oxford University Press. 40s.

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tion of the Edict of Nantes up to the Restoration. It is a history troubled enough to have its own interest, but is nevertheless the history of a marginal and provincial group which was qualified neither by its numerical weight nor by its position in society to play a decisive part in the Revolution; a group which shared the common experience and was as torn by political feuds as any other section of the people, if not more so. There is nothing that links together the political lives of the few deputies and members of the Convention of Protestant origin who really played a part in the politics of the day, each in the fraction to which he adhered. If some of the most famous were Girondins, it was because they were liberal bourgeois from the South; there was no lack of other Protestants to outlaw them, intransigent Jacobins like the upright Cambon, the venal Julien de Toulouse, and the butcher Marat, who also cordially detested one another—not only politically, but almost physically.

At the end of his meticulous enquiry, Professor Poland finds no sign either of a Protestant conspiracy or of a Protestant policy, nor even any specific action taken in a "Protestant spirit" which is attributable to anything more than the commonplaces of the Age of Enlightenment. In fact, since French Protestantism of the 18th century is for Professor Poland "an essentially rural phenomenon," provincial and peripheral, the entire discussion would seem to be pointless; it is difficult to see how these rough countrymen of the Cévennes could have made the Revolution—nobody heard them talk about it, at any rate—still less how they could be denied the character of Frenchman, another bizarre question which the author discusses seriously and at length, with the air of pushing all the time at an open door. Without doubt they were autochthonous; they did not storm the Bastille; and even if they had wanted to, they were not in a position to overturn the throne and the altar. The truisms are worth repeating, since some are found to dispute them.

Is the question disposed of by this negative proof? No, and it never will be. The task is by definition impossible, for it amounts to proving that there was not a single French Protestant who cherished feelings of hostility towards the Catholic Church at a time when anti-clericalism, if not militant atheism, was raging throughout enlightened France and was to be found among the clergy themselves. The burden of proof lies with the prosecution; for a century and a half the denouncers of plots have poured out their ink, and we are still waiting the slightest tangible or verifiable sign of the faintest adumbration of a conspiracy—where, when, among whom, with what purpose? But whole libraries of serious historical writing can never finally dispose of a vague and gratuitous assertion.

Professor Poland's study is not free of errors of detail nor even of lacunae, some of them surprising. It is almost comical to find an American historian who is unaware of Dupont de Nemours, economist and member of the Constituent Assembly—and the founder of one of the most illustrious dynasties of the United States—who, after all, played, with Barnave, a major part in the secularisation of Church property. But these lacunae are those of the Protestant historiography from which Professor Poland drew his material, and which is interested only in the martyrs of the Cévennes "desert." Pierre-Samuel Dupont, deputy for Nemours, came from that extremely bourgeois Norman Protestantism, little given to martyrdom, which Professor Poland ignores or disapproves of.

This is the origin of the fundamental misconception upon which his entire demonstration is built. It is certainly true that the history of French Protestantism in the 18th century, as the history of a living religious community, is essentially that of the "desert," or in any case of the Midi. But those who denounced the "Protestant plot" have not had in mind the Cévennes peasants, nor even the respectable bourgeois of Nîmes and of Uzès, professing more or less secretly the allegedly reformed religion. Professor Poland has not grasped that the "Protestant plot" is only one of the interchangeable forms of the eternal "foreign conspiracy." What has fed this dark fiction is a certain number of very real facts: the large number of Protestant "financiers," a fair proportion of them Genevan, profiting from the financial disorders of the *ancien régime*, the prominent part they played in speculation and in financial pamphleteering, their hold over the pre-revolutionary financial companies, the last India Company and the Caisse d'Escompte (the first version of the Banque de France, in which two-thirds of the directors were Genevan or Swiss), and finally the extraordinary circumstances which made the Geneva banker, Necker, the last Finance Minister of the *ancien régime* and the Geneva banker Clavière the first Finance Minister of the Republic.

The Abbé Baudeau, in his diatribe against Necker, defended the peaceful idyll of the "rural kingdom" of France—with its tax farmers, its court bankers, and all its extortions—not against the Protestants, nor against the foreigners, but against the bankers, who are international, not in virtue of their nationality or their religion, but their profession. Rivarol, for whom "sixty thousand capitalists and the swarm of speculators decided the fate of the Revolution" does not indict the Cévennes peasants, but Geneva. All of

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them take their "ideological" weapons from the good Dr. Quesnay and his physiocratic school, representing the "national" and landed doctrine as against "English doctrines." In the stormy clashes between the financiers of the *ancien régime* who had acquired on lease, or as an hereditary office, the exclusive right to batten on the revenues of France as a "property," and the intruders who disputed their privilege, there was no question of religious convictions; and even the mixture of xenophobia and "anti-capitalism" which was equally widespread in the two camps of the Revolution did not at first have any denominational tinge. The old grudges of the wars of religion were introduced into the fray fairly late and rather artificially, as they were in all the quarrels of France and Navarre, to enhance the issue and spread confusion; and the confusion was already great enough, ever since the fantastic "day of dupes" which saw the "people of Paris" set out to storm the Bastille because the King was bold enough to send back to Geneva his honest banker Necker....

ESCHEWING the thankless search for documentation, Professor Poland's book continues the dialogue of the deaf that has lasted for a hundred and fifty years, between Protestant historians concerned with the martyrology of the churches of the desert and those historians, "royalist" as well as "Jacobin," who set in relief a dozen names, always the same, copied from one book to the next with the same mistakes of identification and even of spelling, which are said to represent a sinister and hidden "international finance." But that dialogue is a different story, most of which has still to be written, and of which this is not the place to speak, precisely because Professor Poland's book has not a word to say about it.

It is to another aspect of the drama that he brings, not new facts, but new illumination: not the effect of Protestantism on the Revolution —as diffuse as it is intangible—but the almost fatal effect of the Revolution on French Protestantism. There is a striking contrast between the fierce opposition of the Protestants of the Midi to the forced conversion imposed by Louis XIV—and, with less violence and more trickery, by his successors—and the virtually total dissolution of French Protestantism in the face of the Revolution's de-Christianisation (and later of the Empire's domestication) of religion. It might be said that the spirit of resistance had become the essential or even the sole content of the Protestantism of the "desert," and that it collapsed once oppression ended. It was when toleration was introduced in practice, even before the edict of toleration of 1787, that the Protestant pastors observed that "the faith was dead" and began almost to regret "the good old days of persecution." When the Terror came, the Protestant churches, barely restored, quite simply ceased to exist, quietly and without any particular show even of spiritual resistance; the pastors resigned en masse, forsaking their faith as a superstition now outgrown, to be replaced by civic virtue and the "religion of nature" as inculcated by reason. It is easy enough to understand why Protestant historians have lingered over the heroic pages in the history of the churches of the desert, of exile, and of sermons under the cross, in the days when, in Tertullian's words, "the faith was rejuvenated by the blood of martyrs." For the revolutionary epoch, a century after the dragooning of the Huguenots, it is the Catholic historian of French Protestantism, the Abbé Dedieu, who recalls Tertullian's words and gives them another meaning: "It was the martyrs who saved the Catholic religion.... The Protestant faith found no witnesses."

We may philosophise at leisure on these alternating martyrdoms, and on the affinities which made it easier for some to resist absolutism, and others to resist revolution, for some to sacrifice life in the name of free enquiry, and others in the name of dogma. Professor Poland wisely turns his attention to a more prosaic enquiry, to the re-examination, in the light of the final collapse, of the effects of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. After Louis XIV and his courtiers in 1685 boasted of having brought all the heretics in France back to the true faith at one stroke, by the grace of God and the dragoons, the survival or renaissance of French Protestantism was indeed impressive. With only a few exceptions, contemporaries and historians—Catholic and Protestant have been agreed in minimising or denying the success of the forced conversion: the first in order to sound the alarm, the second in order to encourage their flock or praise its tenacity, giving figures that are the more improbable as the legal fiction of a wholly Catholic France made it impossible to count persons deprived of a legal existence, who could acquire civil status only by calling themselves Catholics. In fact, the collation of evidence, and above all the figures for the periods before and after the "century of intolerance," suggest that as a result of the Huguenot exodus and the disappearance of those communities too weak or too isolated and scattered to survive, there remained in the kingdom, as the revolution drew near, at most six hundred or seven hundred thousand, or scarcely one-third of the number before revocation. But the numerical effects of repression were less serious than the theological and doctrinal plight of the surviving communities, decimated, disorganised, without their clergy, without services or regular instruction, and held together only by a sort of

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proud defiance. It is true that in those parts of the Midi where the density of the Protestant population still permitted fairly close contacts, the churches were secretly reorganised; they held meetings and even synods "in the desert," new pastors were hurriedly instructed and ordained, to be harried from pillar to post, and in the end, nearly all arrested, sent to the galleys or executed or, at the least, driven to escape by flight.

THE heroic and ennobling aspect of this clandestine survival "under the cross" has been treated often enough; with a good deal of common sense, Professor Poland examines its weaknesses: religious instruction reduced to its barest rudiments, with a few books saved from seizure, a few psalms learnt by heart, a few model sermons repeated over and over again, and, in the place of any positive doctrine, topical arguments against the "idolatry" and the "pagan superstitions" of the Papist church, arguments which were to merge, until they became indistinguishable, with the philosophic arguments of the Enlightenment against "obscurantism." The pastor Paul Rabaut, spiritual head of French Protestantism in the half century before the Revolution, exercised his ministry for twenty years without having read Calvin's Institutes; none of the great pastors of the church of the desert, neither Antoine Court, nor Rabaut, ever engaged in serious theological study. The picture drawn fifty years after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by the Vicar-General of Alès, a Catholic churchman living in a centre of militant Protestantism, of the attitude of believers towards their religion seems, behind its polemical tone, credible enough: "... There are few who are genuinely and zealously attached to their religion; the majority simply know nothing about it; it seems that they have inherited from their ancestors only this venomous hatred of the (Catholic) church and its priests which has always been the characteristic feature of Protestants; the foreign clergymen and preachers who tour the country are more concerned with inculcating horror at our religion than with teaching theirs.... Most of them adhere to their religion only because they sucked these sentiments in with their mother's milk, or because they would be ashamed to desert it.... Timidity and fear of public opinion prevent them from doing so."

But that represents only one aspect of French Protestantism in the age of legal intolerance: its rural, popular, "Cévennes" aspect. The fierce hatreds, the stormy gatherings, the marriages and baptisms in the desert (regarded by the law as concubinage and bastardy), the absence of civil status and the prohibition of inheritance by a Protestant, whose property was liable to confiscation at the first complaint—all this was tolerable for peasants and for the poor, but not for the bourgeoisie and men of substance. "It is only the *canaille* who adhere to this kind of marriage," writes the vicar of Alès. "Those of a certain rank turn to the (Catholic) church in order to avoid the penalties for concubinage and to safeguard the status of their children"; and from this he deduces an entire strategy of "conversion by kindness," that is, by worldly blackmail.

Thus, in the 18th century, bourgeois Protestantism became a crypto-Protestantism enclosed in a "cult of the family" and a "private religion" without external manifestations, surviving by a tacit compromise with the authorities who, for their part, allowed the law to be ignored so long as this was done without noise or scandal. If the Protestantism of the Cévennes was reduced to the rudiments of an organised church, with elementary doctrine and instruction, "bourgeois" Protestantism—of which the prototypes are the Protestants of Normandy and Picardy—no longer retained even these traces of a living religious community. It was in this isolation of a private religion, socially secluded and creating a closed and rather haughty society, with the same disdain for Papist idolatry but with less doctrinal consistency, that the Protestantism of the age of Louis XV was transformed into an indefinite "religious opinion" closer to Rousseau, if not to Voltaire or to the humanitarianism of the freemasons, than to Calvin's strict teachings or to the theocratic and democratic character of his city. The easiest way to remain an "enlightened" Protestant without any trouble or scandal was to become an unbelieving Catholic or to behave like one, for, as Saint-Florentin, the minister in charge of the "affairs of the so-called reformed religion," pertinently remarked in 1751, when asking Catholic priests to reduce the proofs of Catholicity demanded of Protestants before marriage or baptism, "they are treated more harshly than the atheists or deists of whom the kingdom is full, and who are asked neither for a profession of faith upon marriage nor for the external observance of our religion after it."

And, indeed, when religious intolerance was gradually reduced to the official red tape of civil status, it was easy to avoid it by dispensing Catholic marriage or baptism certificates as freely to heretics as to unbelievers; and when Catholic priests baulked at this profanation of the sacraments, it was they who were accused of disturbing the peace and public order by refusing to uphold the official fiction of a wholly Catholic France. "Officialism" apart, it was no longer the fashion, in good society, to profess any faith whatever; it was going rather far to call oneself a Christian at all. Against official intolerance,

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still legally in force, French Protestantism found its only refuge, and a fairly comfortable one, in Catholic unbelief, where it merged so easily with the enlightened circles of the Court and the Town as to become lost in them.

For almost all the men of the Revolution classed as Protestants, their confessional affiliation is a matter of controversy and in any case of no importance. Thus the biographer of Joseph Cambon, F. Bornarel, could write the life of that great financier of the Revolution without even noticing that he was a Protestant, since his certificate of baptism showed him a Catholic and no other document establishes the contrary; it was a matter only of descent, of the family milieu or of affinity. Thus, in the general indifference to religion, the denominational question had no meaning, and the Protestantism of pastor Jeanbon Saint-André resembled the Catholicism of the Bishop of Autun closely enough for no controversy to arise; the mere claim to be a Christian made a man conspicuous, and Robespierre appeared a reactionary when he affirmed the existence of a Supreme Being. The internal history of French Protestantism thus flows into the movement of "the French spirit" of the century of de-Christianisation and there virtually loses its personality; it is a minor tributary of a large river, and if one seeks in those turbid waters the shade contributed by the Protestant current it will be that of a "liberal" Christianity, a-historical, without church and without dogma, essentially moralistic—the shade, more or less, of Rousseau's Curé Savoyard. It is not the stuff of which martyrs are made; "religious opinions" of that kind fitted in well enough with the "philosophical religions" of the revolutionary epoch. But the material side of the question was also important, and Professor Poland is right to emphasise it. Faith everywhere had lost its fibre, and there were no better atheists than the gay clerics of the Court. But as the revolutionary crisis drew near there was still the Catholic church, the official and compulsory church with its innumerable clergy and its powerful hierarchical and authoritarian organisation, with an immutable if dormant dogma. To the small Protestant minority who had lived for a century on the edge of the law there remained neither the outward institutions of an organised church nor even a clear knowledge of its doctrine. To be surprised that the revolutionary wave submerged the one and broke against the other—and can one even say that it did break against it?—one needs to have lost all sense of proportion.

Professor Poland's book thus straddles two large subjects. His history of the "Cévennes" Protestantism is only a fragment of the history of French Calvinism in the 18th century, of which the part that lies outside ecclesiastical history is at least as important as the rest. Even if the author refuses to see in individualist "bourgeois Protestantism" no more than an element corrupting the pure faith, the reader may ask what the small peasant dissident groups in some peripheral regions of the Midi would have amounted to without that element. But, above all, French Calvinism, its importance, its influence, and its myth are inconceivable without the international community created by its refugees, that "Huguenot international" scattered throughout the Old and the New worlds but in close communication with each other across all frontiers, of which the Protestant group surviving in France was only one link in an astonishing chain of kinship, of correspondence, and of business. It is the sociological structure of this "new people of Israel" which explains, in France, the association of ideas which embraces Protestants and Jews in the same xenophobic mythologies.

On the other hand, the spiritual history of French Protestantism in the last century of the *ancien régime* is only one of the elements, important but by no means decisive, of the general intellectual evolution of France in the age of enlightenment. In 1685, to celebrate the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Louis XIV struck a commemorative medal: *Haeresia extincta, religio victrix*. To understand how the age of unbelief could emerge from the triumph of the too Christian King, we must compare the effects of his reign on the Catholic church itself: domesticated, "nationalised," virtually schismatic, treated as the king's property, with its hierarchy transformed into an appanage of the court and its courtiers. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not an *auto da fé*, an act of faith, but a police measure against dissident subjects, without a counter-reform, that is to say, not only without an Inquisition but without any genuine Catholic purpose and therefore from the religious point of view—Catholic as much as Protestant—a purely destructive act; nor was the Holy See, which the Roi-Soleil at the same time defied and humiliated, under any illusion. It was this wholly unique position of France, who, alone in Europe, rejected both the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation to the advantage of the established State Church. The French Revolution, by secularising church property and turning the clergy into a state bureaucracy, was only drawing the consequences of the secular policy of the monarchy; there is no need whatever to look for "foreign" influences; and the attitude of French Protestants to these measures has, in this context, no more than an anecdotal interest. The National Assembly was the testamentary executor of Louis XIV.

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POETRY

Hilary Corke

Speech and Will

because although beyond perhaps
Self and Unself are equal traps
although perhaps because beyond
there are two ducks to every pond
perhaps beyond although because
I am and shall be what I was
beyond because perhaps although
I into I will never go
said Mr. Speake
the head beak

in spite indeed in case instead
the 'outside world' is in your head
indeed instead in spite in case
you only think you see your face
instead in case indeed in spite
left and wrong may both be right
in case in spite instead indeed
a man is most a slave when free'd
said Mr. Speake
the head beak

my luck my love my dream my dear
God bless the day that we stand here
my love my dear my luck my dream
things are always what they seem
my dear my dream my love my luck
you are my solitary duck
my dream my luck my dear my love
you are my own descending dove
said little Willy
the school silly

Sickness and restless love

Sickness and restless love
Snow on the tree
Fever ticks in the blood
Never I suppose never
Again my love shall I
Come naked and proud
But broken head and burning eye
Ceiling's geography
But bones ache in the wind
Hissed whistling through
By song of your parting
Of you my intense lover
Gone like a bird over
The scored winter into
Barbarian arms into
An outlandish name
Never I suppose never
Again darling to
Under the piled bones bring
Sighing in tundra
Hand-shielded flame

Sickness and restless love
The snow on the tree
Consume me night and day
Gut the good flesh away
Fever ticks in the blood
Never I suppose never
Again my love shall I
Creep out of the winter
Between your breasts enter
And naked lie

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W. S. Merwin

Grandmother Dying

Not ridden in her Christian bed, either,
But her wrenched back bent double, hunched over
The plank tied to the arms of her rocker
With a pillow on it to keep her head
Sideways up from her knees, and three others
Behind her in the high chair to hold her
Down so the crooked might be straight, as if
There was any hope. Who for ninety-three years,
Keeping the faith, believed you could get
Through the strait gate and the needle's eye if
You made up your mind straight and narrow, kept
The thread tight, and deaf both to left and to right
To the sly music beyond the ditches, beat
Time on the book as you went. And then she fell.
She should have did what she was told, she should
Have called for what she needed, she did look
Sleeping on the pillows and to be trusted
Just for a bit, and Bid was not downstairs
A minute before hearing the hall creak
And the door crash back in the bathroom as
She fell. What was it, eighteen months, they took
Care of her crooked that way, feeding from
The side, hunching down to hear her, all
Knowing full well what the crooked come to
When their rockers stop. Still could hear what she
Thought good to hear, still croak: you keep my
Candy hid in that sweater drawer, Bid,
Only for company one piece, then you put it
Back again, hear? One after the other
A family of fevers visited her,
And last a daughter-in-law with a nasty
Cough combed her hair out pretty on the plank,
With a flower in it, and held a mirror
For her to see till it made her smile, but
Bid, she whispered, you keep wide of that new
Nurse's cough, she has T.B. And where
Were the wars that still worried her, when
Most were dead a long time ago, and one
Son had come back and was there hanging
In sunlight, in a medal of glory, on
The wall in her room smelling of coal-gas
And petunias. One daughter lived and dusted
A nice brick house a block away, already
Rehearsing how she'd say, "Well, we was always
Good to our Mumma anyway." Outside,
The crooked river flowed easy, knowing
All along; the tracks smiled and rang away;

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Help would come from the hills. One knotted hand
Of hers would hang up in the air above
Her head for hours, propped on its elbow, waving
In that direction. And when she heaved up
Her last breath, to shake it like a fist,
As out of a habit so old as to be
Nearly absent, at the dirty river
Sliding away there the same as ever,
Bid says you could not hear her because there
Came a black engine that had been waiting
Up the tracks there for ninety-four years, and
Snatched it out from her lips, and roared off
With it hooting downriver, making the tracks
Straighten out in front of it like a whip,
While the windows rattled loud to break, the things
On the shelves shook, the folds of her face jarred
And shivered; and when it was gone, for a long
Time the goosed laundry still leaped and jiggled
In the smutty wind outside, and her chair went on
Rocking all by itself with nothing alive
Inside it to explain it, nothing, nothing.

M. M. Carlin

Wrong Day at the Beach

Out where the in-turned gradual roarers curled
Raise their spray and seem to ignore the world,
Deaf almost, and blind with the salt and light

Ineffaceable golden hooligans make
The surf their business. Silently they take
The combers as they gather up the water

And vanish amid that broad-backed thunder, to come
Leaning ahead of the rapid devouring foam,
Which, slackening in the shallows, melts and leaves them

Shouting of yesteryear, and the wrong-running
Tide, the wind, and give me one good day
To bring the finest home, the whole of the way!

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Chekhov Without Inhibitions

The Moscow Art Theatre in London

"I CAN hardly form an estimate of a play," wrote Chekhov while at work on *The Cherry Orchard*, "merely by reading it." Evaluation of drama on the evidence of the written, or even the broadcast, word is a dishonest critical method, in the sense that it would be dishonest to set oneself up as an expert on Titian, having seen only monochrome reproductions and other people's responses in print. There is no proper substitute for performance, the thing done; and the skilled dramatist is the one who has learned what words and actions will come to life when taken off the page and filtered through an actor. Exactly what sort of life it will be, nobody—not the author himself—can tell. There are too many variable factors. On the Moscow Art Theatre's first night at Sadler's Wells, Fiers made his first entrance and immediate exit in silence; two nights later there was a round of applause as he went out of sight. In between there had been press notices, and Saturday's Chekhov has a different atmosphere from Thursday's. That is the fun of it.

Multiply such trifles and you have the basic appeal of live theatre. It reminds you with a jolt that the Stanislavsky System, as he pointed out time and again, is only a means to an end; that read about in prim translation, or divined from photographs of its inventor (each more like a stern Father-Image than the last), it had become meaninglessly independent, like Shakespearean variants tossed around from thesis to thesis. Even if you understand only three words of Russian it is now clear that the System is humane enough to produce happy actors, flexible enough to provide entertainment, adaptable enough to assimilate young replacements, tough to the point of surviving purge, revolution, and war, and above all, sufficiently complex to cope with Chekhov. We have seen satisfactory productions of Chekhov before, notably by Komisarievsky and St. Denis. These have been valuable, for any performance tells more than a cloistered reading. But now it seems that even *The Three Sisters* of 1938, in which St. Denis directed the finest naturalistic ensemble yet seen in England, was not definite Chekhov. The Chebutikin was marginal and Redgrave's Baron, played with a skill and sincerity that stole the show, too prominent. Redgrave has a presence and height which rivet the attention, a thing the Baron can rarely do. His opposite number at Sadler's Wells effaced himself, while the Chebutikin was often dominant. The tones vibrated with a different emphasis.

If the M. A. T. compels readjustment of ideas about Chekhov even when considered at the St. Denis level of direction, it makes other productions seem to have borne the relationship to these plays of Pater's dreamy Mona Lisa to Leonardo's portrait; the enigmatic sadness of the original caught and the virile statement, along with the earthiness of the subject, left out. Compared with English productions the lighting alone is as brilliant in impact as the primary colours hitting one for the first time from a masterpiece recently cleaned. At the start of *The Three Sisters*, Irina stands radiant at the French window in her white party dress, with sleek birch trees in the background echoing the highlights, while effects range through the amber circle of Andrey's table lamp, subdued and intimate in a darkened room, to Solyony, almost completely blacked out for a moment as he advances towards Irina. In *The Cherry Orchard* the tree tops, loaded with blossom and translucent behind crystalline windows, join with a room very sparingly furnished and a dawn as bracing as the opening act of *Oklahoma* to weigh the scales heavily on the side of youth. Anya, a coltish schoolgirl with pigtails, is at home in this room, more than anyone else. After all, it is still called the nursery.

This play has been out of the repertoire for eleven years, allegedly awaiting a replacement of Kachalov, the last Gaiev. We know Chekhov wanted the brighter side of it emphasised, but certain aspects of this version are questionable.

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In flat contradiction to the "oppressive sense of emptiness" asked for in his stage directions to the last act, the set looks even gayer when its meagre furnishings are covered up; it looks suitable, in fact, for conversion to a recreation room in the most hygienic of youth hostels, and in the only movement undeniably external to Chekhov, Anya and Trofimov strike an attitude reminiscent of propaganda posters as they make their final exit. Still, explicitly in the text, she does say good-bye to the old life and he greets the new. The lines ask for attitudes, though perhaps not that one. Then bronzed workmen are glimpsed outside, closing the shutters and leaving Fiers to die in a room gently dappled with sunbeams through the apertures. It is as benign a stage death as you ever saw, mellow Shakespearean Chekhov.

IF THERE are some brash lighting and scenic effects hardly to be expected from the "austere" M. A. T., the sound effects are astounding. Instead of a few apologetic chirps in *The Cherry Orchard*, there is an all-out dawn chorus and later a solo from a cuckoo. *The Three Sisters* is equally uninhibited. Suppressed a little after the first night—when it seemed nearer to the auditorium than the stage, so that the audience was in league with the absconding soldiers—it is still a loud, swaggering band, with a stake in the future. As for the mysterious sound of a string snapping "as if out of the sky" in *The Cherry Orchard*, it is deep, plangent, and in context disturbing beyond imagination. Considered side by side with the décor and lighting, this use of sound leads one on to the impression of virile energy—conveyed at times with an almost childish directness as when the clumsy Yepikhodov collides with a door-post—which impregnates the M. A. T.'s acting. Supreme ensemble work was expected of it, but not the rampant individualism attainable within the pattern, not the savage power of Gribov in Chebutikin's drunkenness, not this panache and violence, with more than a hint of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, in Chekhov; and certainly not the revelation of supposedly minor-key naturalistic plays, even when seen from the back row of Sadler's Wells' circle, as broadly theatrical, at times operatic.

The M. A. T. has developed a way of presenting the intimacies of Chekhov in a pattern of external effects which accommodates all the familiar reticences, hesitations, and interruptions of the dialogue without relying on fleeting, inspirational expressions of the eyes and other minutiæ that invite camera close-ups. Whatever Stanislavsky may have taught about ignoring the audience, the actors are aligned on it, one often standing behind another when talking to him in a position absolutely meaningless anywhere except on the stage. The relevance of this to drama in general is obvious when you recall the constant attacks on naturalism as something remote, finicky, anti-theatrical, and so forth. As practised by the M. A. T. it is none of these things; they behave as if the so-called fourth wall were a crowded auditorium, as it really is. Hence the slight swagger, the hint of conscious artifice admired in public, which prevents the disciplined actions from appearing mechanical; hence the happy, relaxed faces enjoying applause at the finish.

It was this traditionally theatrical projection of voice and gesture, carried over for very different purposes from the kind of drama Stanislavsky despised, which (along with some unashamedly obvious effects) gave the Sadler's Wells performances their unexpected freshness and punch. In a television programme before the season began, only St. Denis emphasised that the ultimate aim of the System is to get across. Guthrie suggested that the M. A. T. might have become a bit old-fashioned, claimed that Ibsen and even Granville-Barker had done much of the cleaning up ascribed to them, and said the drama was moving on—in the direction, for instance, of stylisation. We now know that the M. A. T. can adopt stylisation too, stylised naturalism which throws new light on that old scapegoat of a convention, can allow Astrov to deliver a major speech direct at the audience as if the two other people on stage at the time did not exist. It also accommodates extremes of dandyfied bravura (Vershinin, Gaiev, Solyony, Charlotta) and harsh realism (Chebutikin, Lopakhin) beyond the twilit passivity and crude farce we are accustomed to, so that assessment of Chekhov as dramatist aside from this company's interpretation is at present academic, like separations of "form" and "content." No doubt the M. A. T.'s picture of Chekhov is no more definitive than Burbage's was of Hamlet, but it has authority in detail and in total effect.

FOR violent impact Lopakhin's assumption of ownership in *The Cherry Orchard* is a case in point. Following Chekhov's expectation that Stanislavsky would choose the part for himself, and his reminder that Varya would not love a boor, Lukyanov plays him for the first two acts in a respectable loose-limbed, restless way, exasperated, kind, and impatient. Getting things done in this environment, he lets us know, is like swimming in treacle, the more frustrating the better your normal rhythm. After the sale he comes in unobtrusively and sits quietly on a settee. What sets him off is Varya's action in throwing the keys on the floor, and to mark this

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she does not just toss them down, but crashes them down directly in front of her, centre stage, with an overarm movement. Alone with Ranevskaya, he begins his triumphant tirade sitting down, rises after a few lines as if lifted by his own mounting emotion and picks the keys up. He throws them a yard or so in the air and catches them, right-handed in a movement like a punch which carries his whole body up stage towards the ballroom; he storms into it through the first of two arched openings in the wall.

Inside the ballroom he halts, well in view of the audience through the aperture, and orders the band to play. The pause before it obeys is agonising. When the music starts, Ranevskaya, who until now has held a monumental "freeze" while seated on the chair she reached out for on hearing the news, and is alone on the main stage, begins to weep. Lopakhin breaks something in the ballroom with a violence in tune with the sacking of the Czar's palace and comes into full view again, a tall man holding high on to both sides of the second aperture. We see him there, a few yards behind Ranevskaya, wild-eyed and panting, bestially dominant though limp from the emotional effort, until the woman's misery seems to restore his humanity as a sense of guilt. He staggers miserably into the room and to the opposite side of the table against which she is sitting, like a child seeking reassurance after doing something outrageous. She does not even look at him.

This episode illustrates, among other things, Chekhov's organic use of the stage, including spatial build-up of dynamic movement and use of props every bit as important as the dialogue, and confirms that if Stanislavsky had not existed it would have been necessary to invent him. By the time he came to write this play, Chekhov knew his interpreters to the extent of making suggestions for its casting within the company. In the scene as now played there are distinct overtones of pillage, arising from director's hindsight, author's prophetic intuition, or both; and the rhythm of the acting may allude to physical violation, in reinforcement of the spatial penetration required by the author's stage directions and choice of set for the entire act. Add to this the ambivalence, the contrary pulls in Lopakhin of real, if slightly contemptuous, affection for the family and retrospective resentment of serfdom touched off by Varya's insult—which anyway is partly motivated by infatuation—and you have naturalistic modern drama as good as anything in the classical poetic repertoire, without taking account of any additional effect the dialogue has if you understand it. Moreover the preliminary ballroom incidents modify one's response to the climax and deepen its effect, not only by the obvious allusion to fiddling while Rome burns, but by lulling the audience into identification with the family, into their vulnerability. In order to do this, such things as Charlotta's party tricks must be dazzlingly professional and make their own separate effect. We now know why Chekhov made Charlotta a fairground performer in childhood, why he insisted on strong casting for the part. He wanted to draw us into the family circle by direct traditional means.

THIS seems unwarrantably remote from Lopakhin's big scene, but art on *The Cherry Orchard* level casts wide for its coherence. Lukyanov's acting of the scene has affinities with Stanislavsky's poor relation, the Method, a shaggy quality also present in Trofimov and the Beggar. What we are totally unaccustomed to is the development of a strand in the pattern such as Vershinin's seduction of Masha in *The Three Sisters*. Although it does not obtrude from the general harmony, as happened in an English production with Richardson and Leighton in these parts, the M. A. T.'s version of this episode can be viewed separately at, say, a second visit and found to withstand very close inspection.

Yurieva at Sadler's Wells was playing Masha for the first time, but such is the training and rehearsal that you would not have guessed it. She is what used to be called a fine figure of a woman, solidly sensual, with square shoulders and a rather broad face. Before Vershinin arrives she sits alongside a table, reading her book, very prim and Victorian-looking. One hand steadies the book and another touches, with an elegant upward inclination from the wrist, a chain which hangs from neck to waist and is her anchor throughout, strictly according to Stanislavsky principles of resort to props for the attainment of relaxation. Often her fingering of it is the only indication of the ferment below the disdainful, classically posed exterior. From the word go, this Masha, with nothing to say for some time and marooned in a corner, is indisputably *there*. Vershinin enters at length, as played by Rassalsky a dandy of a colonel, done up to the nines, boots and medals aglow. He makes great play with his spotless white gloves, but they do not ask him to sit down until they have found out that he comes from Moscow, and when he does it is Olga, the school teacher, eager and looking quite attractive, who monopolises him. Masha, however, is on her feet now, and although she turns her back on him and on the audience for her quick weep at the memory of those gay military parties, Vershinin is allowed a good view of her most of the time.

Masha's next undertaking is to get out of the corner behind the table and nearer to Vershinin,

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subtly, as clever women do at a social gathering. The chance comes when Andrey comes in and sits down on a sofa in the centre of the stage. Having shown Vershinin what fun she can be by joining in the teasing of Andrey, Masha sits on the sofa next to her brother. Nothing more natural, and it brings her close to Vershinin. During the set speech about the glorious future he looks more often at her, without neglecting the others, enough to gauge the effect he is making. He is not rude in his casual responses to the Baron's enthusiastic intervention, as might appear from the text, merely absorbed in Masha. She has soon announced she will stay to dinner, walked up stage to the piano, taken off her hat and patted her hair, crisply and without fuss, while Vershinin has manœuvred so that he can still see her, his audience. Aware of this, she takes a brief interest in Olga's exercise book and is up by the french window when her pedantic husband comes in, so that we can see her disgusted reactions to his chatter, the hypertension when Kulygin and Vershinin shake hands. All this time the other characters are given the focus demanded at any particular moment; during Kulygin's longest speech, for instance, Vershinin is quenched by having his back turned to the audience.

There follows the dinner party, diagonally recessed in deep focus with Vershinin at the extreme end of the table and Masha near the other, closer to the audience but not distracting attention from the forestage, unless you consciously ignore what is going on there from time to time. Basically she gives a display of basking in Vershinin without looking at him, except rarely and covertly. In spite of the tension, happily relieved when the Baron sits down next to her, she has a whale of a time amid the convivial eating and drinking. It is the real beginning of the thaw. The end of it comes in the second act, when she is side by side with Vershinin on a sofa and allows the hand nearest to him to rest invitingly on the fabric. After he takes hold of it there is a demonstration of Stendhal's dictum that it is the first mutual pressure of hands which counts; when he kisses it Masha undergoes a minor convulsion, starting as a tremor of the wrist and transmitted along the arm, visibly, to the shoulder, after which her whole body seems to become limp. Neither seems to resent the Baron's intrusion very much, and Vershinin, the fish now hooked, can afford to give him full attention for the first time, while Masha strokes her fur cape luxuriously. It has temporarily superseded the chain. After Vershinin is called back to his wife, Masha works off her frustration by flirting with the two young officers, well in the background of the major action.

If one is justified in isolating these elements of the total effect, it is because they show how faithfully the Stanislavsky system operates within it, how economical and theatrical the functioning is, how free from fussy neurotic tension; and how true it is that Chekhov is always inviting one to look between the lines. The present M. A. T. version succeeds, a bit surprisingly in view of those prophetic utterances about the future, in making Vershinin little more than a catalyst and giving Masha the emphasis. It also brings out, so easily that it can hardly be a misinterpretation, a Chekhov more robustly sensual than is generally accepted, as does the Lopakhin scene.

But in that marvellous last act of *The Three Sisters* there emerges an unanswerable vindication of the visual element in drama, to such an extent that the language, it seems, can almost be dispensed with. Television Chekhov has made the point negatively, by showing how much goes to pieces when selective grouping is imposed by the camera. This act, even more than the others, is conceived in plastic terms for a stage, and the M. A. T. actors secure much of their effect, thanks to that austere discipline aimed ultimately at joyful concentration in face of the public, simply by being there, immediate as Franz Hals. We know as much as we are ever going to know about the sisters by now and it is a question of rounding them up and drawing the final conclusions. Masha is centred on a garden seat, with room enough for a man on it, though there is not going to be one. At Irina's age the verandah steps will do. Olga is on the move, placating and protecting as usual.

The surprise, beyond anything possible from a reading, is Chebutikin. Gribov, who has already placed him by one shattering outburst of drunken fury and what can only be called the dynamic reading of newspapers, now sits leaning against the balustrade of the verandah, hunched like a beady-eyed toad, if anything more in relation to the audience than with the characters; something of a vulture, also, ready for a bit of scavenging after the shots have been fired. There is cynical resignation, but there is also an atmosphere of positive, active despair about him, like the blaspheming of an overworked army doctor in an advanced dressing station. Now and then he rubs the back of his hand, deftly, as if applying ointment. At the bottom of his savage mood in a sense of identification, up to a point, with everybody concerned, together with the knowledge that no intervention will make much difference to the course of events. He is a thoroughly Yeatsian angry old man, incurably detached. A likely conclusion from this interpretation is that Chebutikin is Chekhov.

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IN THESE regions of final discrimination, it is time to admit, quickly and firmly, the limitations imposed by the language barrier, the danger of being foxed by the brilliance of the acting, the subjective factor. For instance my wife, who compares the supposedly optimistic endings of these plays to the hope of a cancer patient that science will discover the cure in time, sees this particular Chebutikin as a rough old bear, *au fond* too kindly to hurt a fly. If this is correct, the impression of sinister brooding would have been derived mistakenly from Gribov's rasping diction and the fact that he plays most of the act hunched over the balustrade with his greatcoat draped loosely on the shoulders. Still, there is undoubtedly more fibre in the character than we have been able to suspect from English productions, and strength enough to knock over a chair in the drunk scene with one swift slap. The point is that discussion of the essential Chekhov may crystallise here on a single actor's performance. There is no dim subservience to the requirements of *ensemble*.

Lopakhin, a fanatically hard worker descended from serfs and climbing to equal terms with the landed gentry, seems about as close as a projection can be to the dramatist himself. An extract from the play shown at the National Film Theatre records a Lopakhin coarser and more insensitively rugged than the present one, along with Knipper-Chekova's Ranevskaya, altogether more perky and resilient than that of Tarasova at Sadler's Wells and with more backbone. It must have been difficult enough to take over a part from the author's widow, who had played it long enough almost to justify a change by deed-poll, without being landed as well with a more sympathetic Lopakhin, a livelier Trofimov and what appeared to be an unusually passive place in the action. One was prepared to admit that there had been too much of Turgeniev, or even Paula Tanqueray, in English interpretations, but scarcely to expect such unwieldy neutrality, such cosy acquiescence from Ranevskaya. Revolving on this axis, deliberately no doubt, the production had enough stability under its glittering surface to show how far *The Cherry Orchard* can be slanted without collapsing; again a Shakespearean characteristic, arising here from Chekhov's ambivalent attitude, so faithfully reflected in Lopakhin, to the feckless and lovable family. If he rejects anyone it might be Yasha, odious in the text but redeemed in performance by Leonidov, who does as much for Solyony, so that both can now be regarded as within the scope of Chekhov's compassion, though on the hinterland.

This enrichment by humanisation runs, with the odd exception of Ranevskaya, right through the M. A. T. Chekhov and nowhere more plausibly than in the stranded spinsters, all cast and played as warm and wholesome, eminently marriageable; it extends to *Uncle Vanya*, as recorded by Kenneth Tynan in what reads like the best dramatic criticism in the English language since the death of Sir Desmond MacCarthy. All the same, *Uncle Vanya* still comes across as unsatisfactory compared with the other two masterpieces, too explicit in Astrov-Chekhov and his afforestation plans, rhetorical in its advocacy of the desperate uncle. Who can accept a chairborne Don Quixote?

Finally, what about the "yearning for a better life" aspect of the plays which the M. A. T. insists on? Do they over-emphasise it? Kedrov, the very distinguished director of *Uncle Vanya*, has a theory about the organic construction of the plays according to which the characters in them are subjected to increasing pressure, turned inside out and left destitute of everything except hope. The yearning becomes stronger as the possibilities of attaining happiness decrease, more refined and concentrated until it is expressed at the close by Olga, Sonya, Anya, or Trofimov. Then, he believes, "the acting has stopped" and the author is speaking his mind. One might add that the inflection of Chekhov's voice, the tone of the message—if it is one—remain as much a matter for debate as ever, supremely non-committal. When consulted about the décor of *The Seagull*, all he would say of the lake was, "Well . . . it is wet."

Laurence Kitchin

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COMMENT

The Fate of Imre Nagy

In August 1849 the Hungarian armies surrendered to the Russian commander in Transylvania, and their leaders were handed over to the Austrian authorities. The Habsburg government, which was entirely independent of Russia, hanged the most eminent of the prisoners. The Russian Tsar Nicholas I, an extreme reactionary but an honourable man, was disgusted by this act of revenge, which he could not prevent, and expressed his feelings.

In November 1956, when the Hungarian Revolution was crushed, there was no authority in Hungary but that of the Soviet army: Mr. Kadar's "government" was and is still its helpless agent. The Hungarian commander-in-chief, General Maleter, did not surrender. He was invited on 3rd November to discuss with the Soviet High Command the evacuation of Soviet troops from Hungary. While conferring with the Soviet generals, he was kidnapped by the Security boss, General Serov. This officer, who visited London in 1956 to prepare the Khrushchev–Bulganin visit, may claim to be something of an expert in terror, treachery, and torture. He organised the deportation of the Balts in 1940 and of the Caucasians and Crimeans in 1944; he personally instituted the Communist security police systems in Poland and East Germany in 1945; and it was probably he who planned the "invitation" to the Polish resistance leaders in 1944. These men, it will be remembered, were given a safe conduct, but were arrested, tortured, condemned at a show "trial," and mostly died in prison (Madame Okulicka, wife of the commanding general of the Polish Home Army, was informed of her husband's death nine years after it had taken place). The kidnapping of General Maleter closely followed this earlier Polish model, but that of Imre Nagy, who as Prime Minister in November 1956 may at least formally be regarded as the civilian head of the Revolution, presents some original features. Nagy was lured from the sanctuary of the Yugoslav Embassy by a safe conduct from the Kadar "government," only to be seized together with his companions within a few yards of the Embassy. Eighteen months later it was announced that both men had been executed. Unlike the Polish leaders, they were not put on public show, presumably because they refused to confess to the appropriate crimes. A sinister indication of the pressure put on them during a year and a half of captivity is the admission that one of their colleagues, Geza Losonczy, died during interrogation. Certainly the Soviet leaders have improved on the methods of Nicholas I: outmoded "feudal" conceptions of honour, dear to a reactionary Tsar, cannot inhibit the representatives of the most progressive government in the history of mankind.

It would, however, be unfair to cast doubt on the consistency and sincerity of the Soviet leaders, which is at once apparent when one takes the trouble to translate into common speech certain expressions of Communist double-talk. Nagy, they say, was a "counter-revolutionary." In common speech a counter-revolution is a violent action that overthrows a revolutionary government and restores the régime that existed before the revolution. In this sense a counter-revolution certainly took place in Hungary in 1956—not on 23rd October but on 4th November, when Soviet tanks crushed the Revolution and installed a régime which differed from that of 1947–1956 only in the rather minor detail that Messrs. Kadar, Marosan & Co. are intellectually and morally much inferior to Messrs. Rakosi and Gero. But in Communist double-talk "counter-revolution" has a different meaning. The highest form of revolution, the culmination—according to Soviet historians—of the whole previous history of mankind, is the Great October Socialist Revolution of 1917, the only valid model, applicable, in the course of time and with minor local variations, to every nation on earth. A revolution of this type was carried out, by the "salami tactics" of Rakosi and the efforts of the Soviet occupation forces, in Hungary between 1945 and 1947. Any move away from the régime thereby created must therefore be counter-revolutionary, and any one responsible for such a move must be a "fascist," a "reactionary," a "traitor," a "criminal," and so forth.

Nagy and his colleagues were also guilty of another no less impious crime: they led military action against Soviet troops. In Soviet doctrine there are two kinds of wars—just wars and unjust wars. The distinction is very simple: a just war is one waged by the Soviet Union or by any government approved by the Soviet Union. The usual formula defines a just war as a struggle for the working class or for "national liberation." The interests of the working class of the whole world are of course

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embodied in the Soviet Communist Party, and it is the Soviet Communist Party that decides what is "national liberation." Movements for the independence of Georgia or Uzbekistan, for example, could not qualify. To conduct war against the Soviet Union is therefore *ipso facto* a crime against humanity. All persons responsible for starting or conducting a war against the Soviet Union, who have hitherto fallen into Soviet hands, have paid with their lives. Laszlo Bardossy and Ion Antonescu were not criminals by standards of "bourgeois morality," but Moscow insisted that they should be executed. Several Rumanian and Hungarian generals, guilty only of conducting military operations against the Soviet army, met a like fate. It was but logical to apply the same principles to Nagy and Maleter.

The prevalent tendency in the West since 1956 has been to damn Nagy with faint praise while extolling the more "realistic" Gomulka. The main reason for this distinction has been a Western guilt complex about Hungary. Since the Western governments failed, owing to their preoccupation with Suez (whether in justifying or denouncing that enterprise), even to go through the motions of trying to help Hungary, British and American spokesmen consoled themselves with the thought that the Hungarians had behaved as noble but silly romantics where the Poles had been hard-headed and successful. But the truth is different. Gomulka came to power not by his own efforts but by the pressure of the Polish workers and writers and the consent of the Communist leadership of the time. If there is an individual hero of Poland's "October," it is not Gomulka but Ochab, the Party First Secretary, who took the side of the Polish workers and stood up to Khrushchev and his colleagues when they came to Moscow. If Ochab had taken the Soviet side, the Warsaw workers would have made a blood-bath at least as frightful as that of Budapest. In Hungary the man who held the same post as Ochab, Gero, threw himself on the protection of the Soviet Army, which opened fire on the Hungarian crowds. Nagy was declared Premier, but had no power. He had no opportunity of influencing events in the first crucial days. The Hungarian-Soviet war started without him. When the first phase of this war, which the Hungarians won, was over, and Nagy could choose as a free man between his Communist principles and his own people, he chose the latter. For this the Western armchair critics should not blame but honour him.

As for the hard-headed Gomulka, his success looks ever more problematical. By tying Polish foreign policy closely to Soviet, and by suppressing "revisionist" opinion, he has hitherto preserved his right to pursue within Poland the policies of his choice, especially his mild treatment of the peasants and of the Catholic Church. He has avoided the sins either of Nagy or of Tito. Nagy abandoned one-party dictatorship, which Gomulka upholds. Tito, while maintaining a dictatorship that probably weighs more heavily on the individual citizen than Gomulka's, has permitted himself the luxury of formulating theories inconsistent with Moscow orthodoxy. His Party's Draft Programme maintains that it is possible to achieve socialism without revolution, that Communist parties have no monopoly of leadership towards socialism, and that the cause of the present danger of war in the world is the *existence* of two Power blocs rather than the exclusive wickedness of the "bloc of monopoly capitalism." These heresies strike at the root of Soviet dogma, whether Stalinian or Khrushchovian, and undermine especially Soviet influence in the "uncommitted" Asian countries. It is, therefore, inevitable that Moscow should reply with its heaviest theological artillery.

It seems clear that the timing of the Budapest executions has a connection with the campaign against Tito, and that they are intended as a warning to Gomulka, who was not informed that they would take place when he visited Budapest only a month earlier. As the campaign against Tito develops, pressure for absolute uniformity within the Soviet bloc may be expected to increase. Will Gomulka be able, by avoiding public theoretical sin, to preserve his deviations in practice? If Moscow refuses to be appeased and demands a new drive for collectivisation of agriculture and new persecution of the Catholic Church, a dangerous situation will arise. It is by no means certain that the Polish people would quietly accept a reversal of the "October" policies. If they do not, then the hard-headed realist Gomulka will not in the end escape the necessity of choosing between the rôles of Nagy and Kadar.

Hugh Seton-Watson

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LETTERS

"Storm Over the Gentry"

NEEDLESS to say I am surprised and, on the whole, pleased that my little essay, "Storm Over the Gentry," should evoke the active interest of the distinguished scholars whose letters about it appear in your July issue. The content of several of the letters, however, vindicates the common judgment that it is very difficult to answer criticism without appearing to take a defensive position. To make an effective reply without seeming merely querulous to criticisms—indeed to castigations—that are both general and concrete, personal and impersonal, accurate and inaccurate, poses a terrifying compound problem of substance, form, and tone.

Consider, for example, Mr. Hill's observations. Aside from his statement that I am "disingenuous" and "not so naïve as I wish to appear"—a sly, middle-aged fox, indeed—he says or implies (a) that I probably have not read Tawney's work, (b) that in the improbable case that I have read it, I have not understood it, and (c) that this is all to the good, since if I had read and understood Tawney's work, my criticism of it would be impertinent. At first sight such an indictment seems to leave me with no recourse but to stamp my pretty foot and scream "I did *so* read Tawney's work! I did *so* understand it! My remarks are *not* impertinent!" Such a riposte would be defensive, indeed, and not very effective either. Fortunately I am spared this embarrassing futility by another letter writer, Mr. Lawrence Stone. Although Mr. Stone certainly considers some of my criticism of Professor Tawney's work wrong and ill-mannered, he seems to feel that I understand well enough the work I am criticising, and—I take it—would assume that I had acquired that understanding by reading, rather than by some more arcane procedure. Since Mr. Stone and Mr. Hill are both deeply versed in the writings of Professor Tawney, perhaps I should withdraw from the field altogether and leave it to them to contest the issue whether my delinquencies are due to ignorance and stupidity (Hill), or boorishness (Stone).

I cannot withdraw, however, because one of Mr. Hill's points touches on a very important aspect of the ethic of our common trade—the art of history. Let us suppose for the moment, however improbable it may seem, that I have spent a very considerable amount of time in reading and trying to understand the work of Professor Tawney. Suppose, too, that after long study I am convinced that Professor Tawney has got wrong a number of important matters about England in the 17th century. Is it then impertinent (by which from the context I take it that Mr. Hill means impudent or irreverent rather than irrelevant) to state that I think Professor Tawney is wrong and to set forth my reasons for thinking so? It is impossible to do this without criticising Professor Tawney; but then, if I think he has erred, why should I not criticise Professor Tawney? Is it because I do not have half Professor Tawney's erudition, profoundness of insight, and nobility of character? Of course I do not; but must I postpone criticism that I deem sound and valid until I attain such intellectual and moral heights? I should have to postpone it for ever, since such heights are beyond my mediocre reach. It seems to me inherent in the nature of the study of history, that historians must criticise the work of men whom they recognise as their betters. And in the end the main issue would seem to be, not whether a critic is impertinent, but whether his criticism is pertinent.

On the point of academic manners I may owe Mr. Stone an apology. Starting with a mild stricture, laid on me early in his letter, for carrying on an argument in "the Colosseum of ENCOUNTER" rather than "in the Catacombs of learned periodicals," he concludes with a slightly more severe judgment. He feels that I am guilty "of conducting very complicated academic discussion by bellowing through a megaphone in the market place." I sincerely repent the horrid public exhibition for which I am so justly censured; but I hope Mr. Stone will make some allowances for the ignorance of a foreigner. I had not envisaged ENCOUNTER as a Colosseum or a market place. Rather I had thought of it as a publication aimed mainly at intellectuals—a sort of printed Third Programme. I had even imagined that English intellectuals might have an interest, not wholly improper, in a controversy that has engaged the attention of some of England's most eminent historians, including Mr. Stone himself. From Mr. Stone's remarks, however, I gather that inadvertently I have brought shame to the academic world by exposing myself in the mass media. Therefore, while repeating my apology for my ignorance, I should like to congratulate the Editors of ENCOUNTER for producing, and the British masses for supporting, a magazine with a level of quality so much superior to that of its American equivalent, *Readers' Digest*.

Space is lacking to deal with the many interesting criticisms and counter-allegations with respect to substance in the letters of Messrs. Hill, Stone, and Hinton. Roughly they fall into two categories: (1) allegations that "Storm Over the Gentry" contains errors of fact, and is guilty of important omissions and misinterpretations; (2) explanations

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of the phenomena under investigation that are supplementary, additional, or contradictory to what was offered in my article. With respect to the first category, "Storm Over the Gentry" originally included a full apparatus of footnotes and bibliography including a reproduction of Professor Tawney's statistical tables. In the proper exercise of their editorial authority the editors of ENCOUNTER cut out this apparatus. I would be grateful to those editors if they could find space for the tables and bibliography, thus giving any reader who desires to look into the matters in controversy an opportunity to do so.*

On the second point I am painfully aware that my explanation of the pre-eminence of the House of Commons in the early Stuart period was meagre and sketchy, although I think it may have come somewhere near the heart of the matter. The same restrictions that kept Mr. Stone's most interesting observations, supplementary to my explanation, from being more than allusive and suggestive had the identical effect on the explanation itself. There just was not enough space. It was for this reason that I offered my explanation with a tentativeness and restraint rather unusual in one with my natural propensity for dogmatic assertion.

There is one matter of substance, however, which I should like to deal with, if the editors of ENCOUNTER can afford me the room. In "Storm Over the Gentry" I did not discuss a set of Mr. Stone's statistics concerning the manors held by the peerage. These statistics purport to demonstrate that while the peers of 1640 held no more manors than the peers of 1560, there were only half as many peers in 1560 as there were in 1640. Mr. Stone regards this fact as evidence of an impoverishment of the peerage, which supports his view that socially the Puritan Revolution represents a political liquidation of an aristocracy already near the melting point economically. I did not complicate the difficult problem of exposition that my essay posed by dealing with Mr. Stone's data for three reasons.

(1) Supposing that Mr. Stone is correct in his estimate of the *number* of manors held by the peers in 1560 and 1640, and that the manors yielded no greater *real income* at the latter date than at the former, still the real income of *the peerage as a class* would be in 1640 precisely what it had been in 1560; and that income was of such dimensions that its division among twice as many individuals as shared it in 1560 could scarcely have reduced those individuals to abject want. So on Mr. Stone's own showing, it is somewhat hyperbolic to speak in terms of the impoverishment of the peerage either collectively or individually in 1640.

(2) But there is good reason to believe that Mr. Stone's count of manors seriously underestimates the income of the peers in the early Stuart period. The result of that count is difficult to reconcile with the figures on the hard-cash income from land of a number of peers, put in evidence by Mr. J. P. Cooper. Those figures seem to indicate a strong probability that 23 Caroline peers (less than one-fifth of the total number) about 1640 enjoyed a cash income from land greater than that of the whole Elizabethan peerage in 1600. With all due allowances for errors and inflation, Mr. Stone's and Mr. Cooper's estimates remain wholly incompatible, and it would seem hazardous—until he provides further support for them—to regard Mr. Stone's estimates as a sound base for towering theoretical structures.

(3) Finally, Mr. Stone's whole argument supposes an identity between the peerage and the aristocracy. Concerning the actuality of such an identity I expressed my doubts as early as 1950; Professor Trevor-Roper expressed his in 1953; and I reiterated mine in May, 1958. Up to now no one has attempted to resolve those doubts. Until someone does so, I will continue to suspect that both Mr. Stone and Professor Tawney are victims of a taxonomic illusion.

May I end this long letter with a few amiable observations?

First, with the relief of a man who withdraws his head, only slightly scratched, from the lion's mouth, I should like to thank Professor Trevor-Roper for the mildness of his riposte and for his forbearance in refraining from unfavourable reflections on my academic manners and morals.

Second, may I observe with some satisfaction that the correspondents who seem to find the most merit in my contentions are precisely those who have not heavily committed themselves up to now on the issues in dispute—Messrs. Hinton and Pocock.

Last, I should like to point with awe and wonder to the apparent consensus of so many able historians on a major point of interpretation of 17th-century history—a point, moreover, on which I and, I suspect, other observers would have thought a consensus unlikely. Mr. Hinton closes his admirable letter by remarking that with respect to our understanding of the 17th century, "I hope it will soon be said that we are all Whigs now." To judge by the tenor of the letters in ENCOUNTER, the fact has anticipated Mr. Hinton's hope. Mr. Stone seems to be as sure as I am that the main issues dividing England in 1640 had to do with liberty and religion. I am certain that Mr. Hinton would be willing to add religion to liberty on his list of the provocations leading to resistance to the King. Mr. Pocock, I believe, would assent; and Mr. Hill in his letter and elsewhere has lent a qualified adherence to the same view. And in his letter Professor Trevor-Roper, speaking for himself and—a little surprisingly—for Professor Tawney, seems to hint that neither of the principals to the controversy over the gentry would wholly reject my Whiggish focus on religion and liberty in the English Revolution. When in my essay I reasserted what I then regarded as the Whig heresy, I did it with a certain bravado, as one who leaps into a tumbril on the way to an *auto-da-fé*. Now it seems that I merely jumped, somewhat belatedly, on to the band-wagon of orthodoxy. At least I could not ask for more distinguished company. Perhaps, even, it will turn out that, having evoked a few last blasts, I have achieved after all my original purpose, to produce a lull in the storm over the gentry.

J. H. HEXTER
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri

* We think this would be too much, even for the British masses.—ED.

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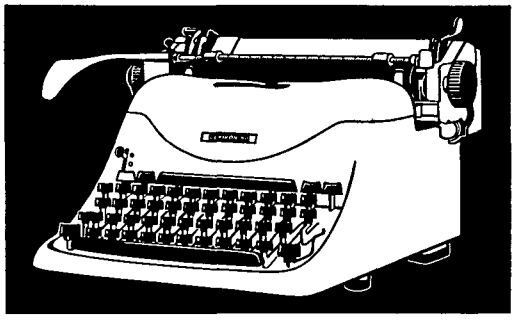

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BOOKS

Dutch Courage

THE intending reader should be warned that Mr. Huizinga's book gets better as it goes on. The first few chapters deal with his attempt, as a newcomer, to get on to terms with the English people, to establish whether or not there is a "national character," and the rest of it. As the book proceeds, its subject-matter becomes more concrete, more centred on definite social and political issues. And here Mr. Huizinga, as an experienced journalist who has the advantage of being the son of a major historian, is more at ease with his subject. His comments on English political institutions have an authority not found in his more fumbling attempts at something like anthropological analysis. This, after all, is understandable. On his own admission Mr. Huizinga never got out of the Metropolis and its surrounding Martini belt. He sensibly tells us that "the Scottish and Welsh elements in the nation" are not mentioned in the book "for the good reason that I know nothing about them whatever." But neither, in fact, do the English, if they happen to have less than £1,000 a year (pre-war, three hundred) or live more than sixty miles from Hyde Park Corner.

It will pay us, however, to accept this limitation and read on. Mr. Huizinga has some penetrating and astringent things to say about the way we run our country, and the curious fog of illusion and half-truth with which we like to surround our institutions.

Take, for instance, our notion that we are "a democracy." We use this word so frequently to describe our political system that it must be difficult for a visitor to make out whether we really believe it, or are consciously lying, or merely trying to make it come true by saying it often enough. Mr. Huizinga, with no emotional *parti pris*, goes straight to the truth. England is an oligarchy, run by a ruling caste which remains permanent, though its composition fluctuates. The effective rulers are the members of a club, known as the House of Commons, with a small super-club, the Cabinet, at its head. Mr. Huizinga liked this club. He found "admirable manners" and "a general atmosphere of clubby friendliness and courtesy spiced with humour, wit, and robust pleasure in controversy." Sounds good, doesn't it? But unfortunately this club of happy gentlemen has to keep breaking off to go and appeal to the "blunt monster with uncounted heads, The wavering multitude" (sorry —Mr. Huizinga's habit of quoting scraps is very catching), whose servants they are theoretically supposed to be. And then—oh, *then*!

What a fall was there in that finest hour of democracy during which the sovereign people lived its brief moment of power! How deeply and abruptly the level of discussion sank as soon as the nation as a whole was invited to take a decisive part in it! Instead of the choc des opinions *from which truth is supposed to spring, the air in these moments seemed to resound only with the* choc des banalités et des mensonges. *In fact, so puerile were the gross simplifications and distortions, the name-calling and the smears, the threats and the promises with which the oligarchs then felt obliged to woo their masters of the Great British public, that I sometimes wondered whether England would not be more correctly described as an "infantocracy"!*

And, of course, he doesn't fail to see the close relationship (difficult as it may be to sort out cause and effect) between this undignified, untruthful, and generally disgraceful performance on the one hand, and on the other the shameful quality of the big-circulation Press.

"... while the best papers in England might be superior to the best these smaller countries had to offer, the worst—and they had the circulation—were far worse. They were often scurrilous, irresponsible, and frivolous in the extreme and they were sometimes, in the vast, sweeping simplifications of their extreme partisanship, very funny."

These quotations will at least indicate that Mr. Huizinga's book is no simple bouquet. His title,

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Confessions of a European in England. By J. H. HUIZINGA. *Heinemann.* 25s.

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"Confessions," is apt, because the story is in fact that of an intensely personal relationship. England began by repelling Mr. Huizinga; then, when he had climbed the fence and become a member of the in-group, it charmed him. So much so that he has felt personally involved, ever since, in England's fate. When we display our more amiable sides, he beams and applauds; when we commit some act of suicidal folly, he groans and covers his face; when we suddenly take one of our dives into sheer caddishness, he burns with shame and anguish.

I think Mr. Huizinga is at his most instructive on three topics, all of which he treats extensively. These are (i) British attitudes towards European union, (ii) the myth of the Commonwealth, and (iii) Suez. About (i) and (iii) I propose to say nothing: my space does not allow it; I will merely hope that what he says will be read as widely as possible. But it is worth taking a glance at (ii), if only to offer a sample of how Mr. Huizinga sets about a subject.

British statesmen and journalists do so much bragging about the Commonwealth that one of the first questions a foreigner naturally asks is, "What exactly *is* it?" But of course, as Mr. Huizinga points out, it isn't anything "exactly." It is defined, if at all, mainly by negatives. "Thus," Mr. Huizinga comments, "the absence of any written or unwritten constitution and any organs of government (which was due, of course, to the insistence of Britain's former Colonies on absolute national sovereignty) was glorified as a typical proof of British subtlety far superior to that formalism of the naïve foreigner who believes that a club needs a statute and an executive committee and a treasury if it is to function as a club at all."

In fact, as he produces a wonderful show-case of quotations to prove, the Commonwealth is a figment of the religious, rather than the political, imagination.

"When any Doubting Thomases started asking difficult questions, they were drowned in a chorus of hosannahs as variegated as the ninety-nine names of Allah. If that still did not silence the infidels and heretics, they were put in their place with the curt rebuttal that in the British world there were mysterious realities outside the reach of theorising, carping, Continental logic. The Commonwealth was 'a unique experiment in human co-operation . . . of extraordinary novelty, extraordinary greatness, and extraordinary success' (Lord Balfour); 'The best missionary enterprise that has been launched in a thousand years . . . a mission to mankind of goodwill, good government, and human co-operation, a mission of freedom and human helpfulness' (Field-Marshal Smuts); 'the most

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creative part of the free world, the only institution in the world which has constantly added to the rôle of free and independent nations, an example to the world of ideal relations between states' (Sir Anthony Eden); 'a United Nations in miniature' (Earl Attlee); 'an international democracy which has placed its faith in discussion instead of force' (Professor Nicholas Mansergh); 'a Commonwealth of the mind' (Manchester Guardian); *'light as air but strong as iron'* (The Times); *'a new political conception . . . inexplicable in bygone terms and subversive of old ideas like every new discovery in politics or science or art' (Lord Altrincham); 'the word like the thing itself rises unique and inexplicable above logic or consistency, but it works'* (The Economist)."

Mr. Huizinga, in the pages that follow, lets in a little unkind Continental logic on this mystique, and in doing so pushes us along, gently and regretfully but still firmly, towards the conclusion that the Commonwealth, so far from being a new piece of political engineering for which we deserve unique credit, is merely a very natural pipe-dream whereby we console ourselves for the sudden vanishing of our Imperial power. To a man reeling from a succession of heavy blows, his judgment blurred and his legs unsteadied, dusk can easily be confused with dawn—if he badly enough wants to confuse it.

And of course that is the trouble with us, as one soon realises after looking at England through shrewd Continental eyes. We are in constant danger of becoming the victims of our own propaganda. From some points of view this is a good thing. It makes for idealism, since, if you convince a man that he belongs to a noble race, he might find himself acting nobly for that very reason. But it also prepares the way for all kinds of irrationality and foolishness.

And such a state of affairs is particularly dangerous at a time when the machinery of publicity is so powerful that the publicist is the virtual ruler of the community. We have stood by and allowed the ad man, the popular journalist, the TV personality, to have their way: and the mess we are in is the result. Everyone whose life is to any extent lived in public knows the monstrous banality and falsity of the statements he reads and hears about himself.

Finally (since the book is good enough to be taken quite seriously) I must bring in one complaint against Mr. Huizinga's method. When confronted with behaviour he does not understand, he does not simply stand there with his mouth open as most people do in a foreign country; he goes off, like a sensible man, and reads history books until he comes up with some kind of historical explanation. (With characteristic modesty he dismisses his wide historical reading as "picking other people's brains.") But —and this is what struck me particularly—Mr. Huizinga has taken too little account of the evidence from English literature. With a people who have, in all ranks of society, adopted a manner which is designed to cloak their deeper feelings, literature is not only the best but often the only means of knowing what those feelings are. But, of course, the evidence has to be interpreted sensitively, not in the inert manner common among historians who "know their literature."

Mr. Huizinga, for example, was baffled at first by the fact that the English, who seemed to him a worldly, common-sensical, and earthy people, rather fond of enjoying themselves, should have loaded themselves with a law evidently designed to pander to the killjoys who exist in every country. He dug down for historical explanations, and came on a kind of "two nations" theory, which juxtaposed an easygoing, hedonistic frame of mind at the top and bottom of society, and a tightlipped "puritanism" in the middle. And the Englishman's laws, together with his rather hypocritical outward *persona* ("Enjoying myself? *Me?*") had been imposed at the beginning of the 19th century, when revolutionary violence seemed a possibility, to avert the wrath of the under-privileged. "The institution of family prayers," one historian assured Mr. Huizinga, "was a form of counter-revolutionary propaganda that came into vogue towards the end of the 18th century." Mr. Huizinga liked that. It enabled him to keep one of his own most cherished illusions—that the Englishman has no religious feelings, that when he acts from what look like religious motives it is generally a matter of avoiding anything that might rock the social boat. And he quotes from a French(?) observer, one Mlle. Keun, to the effect that what makes the atmosphere of England "pacifying in the extreme" is "the absence of a sense of tragedy. . . . This race does not grapple with life and death, it takes them in its stride and in a shallow but dignified way it achieves a contentment which is impervious to searching thought or pain." Dear, oh dear. It's sad that a man as acute as Mr. Huizinga, so good at digging out evidence from history, should have ignored the evidence from English literature which was staring him in the face.

This review is too long already. I could not, in any mannerly amount of space, indicate the kind of research Mr. Huizinga ought to do. But I hope that, now he is installed in his house in the South of France, he will ponder on Shakespeare and Swift as well as on Trevelyan; that he will consider the long line of English visionary artists; that he will wonder why Lawrence came to insist that "one has to be so terribly

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religious, to be an artist"; why the characteristic literature of the 1940's, our most desperate years in recent history, included, on the one hand, the *Four Quartets*, and on the other a near-masterpiece like *The Horse's Mouth*, in which art is presented as a religion worth dying for, and the dying artist is succoured and understood only by those who, little as they care for his art, live, they too, in the presence of their religion.

It looks as if, clever and generously perceptive as Mr. Huizinga is, the English fooled him in the end.

John Wain

Jumbled Jigsaw

The Middle East in Transition. Edited by WALTER Z. LAQUEUR. *Routledge and Kegan Paul.* 40s.

WHAT our grandparents knew as the "unchanging Orient" has now become the "Middle East in transition," and it is likely to remain that way for a very long time, if not for as long as it remained the unchanging Orient. And there has been another important change as well. To our grandparents there was such a thing as *the* Middle East (even if some of them confused it with the Near East) in the most literal sense of the words. There was, or seemed to be, a more or less homogeneous single entity, the Middle East, which could be used as the subject or object of meaningful generalisations. To-day we find no such thing; only a vast and complex and diverse plurality, about which the only safe generalisation is that there is no other safe generalisation about it.

The difficulty can be seen by simply asking a dozen different experts to produce a list of the countries or states composing the Middle East. There are many different criteria that could be adopted—geographical, ethnic, religious, linguistic, cultural, and others; and all of them would produce a different list of members. The moral of this exercise is that the concept of geographically-bounded countries, nations, or states is historically alien to the Middle Eastern peoples. Nevertheless, the fact is that that is how their area of the world, like every other area, is carved up to-day. And the result is that instead of looking like a single, unitary, undifferentiated whole, the Middle East now looks to Western eyes like a jigsaw puzzle in which many of the pieces do not fit together, and even those which do fit fail to make a coherent pattern. The West is accustomed to being told, and even to telling itself, that this is entirely its own fault; but such self-mortification can be carried too far.

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The Middle East assuredly owes virtually every millimetre of material and social progress that has been made in the last hundred and fifty years directly or indirectly to the West. It also owes to the West its disintegration. What has gone wrong has not been due to wickedness or ill-will on either side: on the contrary, it has been due to the incompatibility of Western virtues and Eastern virtues. The one crucial failing on the Western side has been a failure of understanding. With the exception of a handful of orientalists and other unusual people (including some missionaries, soldiers, administrators, and businessmen, but infinitesimally few of any of them), the West failed to understand what it was really doing in the Middle East until it was almost too late. The British are perhaps the most at fault in this respect, because to them as a nation the Middle East had for so long no intrinsic interest, but only a geographical and strategic interest, as an area that must never be allowed to be dominated by any potentially hostile great power. For over a century, security was the only thing that mattered to the British in the Middle East; and security meant keeping other people out of it. It requires a radical readjustment of thought on our part to realise that the primary and immediate threat to Middle Eastern security to-day is not from without but from within.

Characteristically, the West is now painfully and slowly and even humbly trying to re-learn the facts about this area and its peoples. The collection of essays which Mr. Laqueur has edited may be taken as a good example of the way in which we are trying to do it. What makes the task even more difficult than it would otherwise be is the contrast between the extreme simplicity of the old picture of the "unchanging Orient" and the almost chaotic complexity of the new. This contrast is also reflected in the jigsaw composition of Mr. Laqueur's collection, which has practically no common theme and no collective or even editorial conclusion. An exception should perhaps be made of Mr. Laqueur's own view that the best thing the West can do with the Middle East to-day is to leave it alone. "A policy of studied non-interference and demonstrative disinterest" is surprisingly similar to the doctrine of another wise political student, Mr. George Kennan. But it will puzzle those concerned with oil, and they too help to make the policy of the West.

The main concern of this book, however, is with problems rather than solutions. Its purpose is to make sure that all the relevant questions are stated, not to dogmatise about the answers. For the sake of completeness of range, Mr. Laqueur has allowed himself a wide latitude, of space and time and subject. His choice of contributions ranges in date from at least as far back as 1953 to 1958. His authors are Arab, Jewish, British, French, American, Swiss, Scandinavian, and Soviet. They range from Morocco to Pakistan and from Central Asia to the Sudan. Their themes are almost more than comprehensive: one is reminded at times of all the different aspects of the elephant which were brought out, in the apocryphal story, by the professors of many nationalities who were invited to write dissertations on the animal. Perhaps the most interesting illustration of this range and diversity is the fact that the longest essay in the book is entitled "The Shamil Problem." It deals, in Mr. Laqueur's words, with "an obscure Caucasian tribal leader of the 19th century"; and its relevance is "that the wavering judgments pronounced upon Shamil in the Soviet Union reveal, more clearly than any of its foreign political documents, the predicament of that government in its contacts with Islam."

As this example suggests, one of the most important novelties of Mr. Laqueur's book lies in the great attention which it pays to the Soviet Union. This shows itself in two marked respects. Firstly, of the two roughly equal parts into which the book is divided, the second is specifically entitled: "Communism, the Soviet Union,

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and the Middle East." Secondly, the final two essays are both by Soviet scholars, translated from Moscow academic journals. The irresistible inferences from the juxtaposition of the various articles are that the Western position in the Middle East is one of decline, and the Soviet position is one of growing power; and that the scholars and students of the Western, Soviet, and Middle Eastern worlds alike are well aware of these facts.

The inference is irresistible, but it is by no means necessarily right. Certainly it is unmistakeable that the Soviet authorities are very interested in the Middle East, and are devoting great resources to studying it and exploiting their knowledge and advantages. It seems likely that they believe events to be moving in the direction they desire. The two Soviet scholars represented in this book are cocky and complacent; they are also surprisingly ignorant, superficial, and unworthy to have their work published in an academic journal of any standing. Mr. Laqueur says that they are "fairly typical of Soviet writing on Middle Eastern questions," but this is, fortunately or unfortunately according to the way you look at it, too good or too bad to be true. If Mr. Khrushchev were really to believe what Professor Vatolina and Professor Lutskii have to say about the Middle East, then he would certainly be riding for a fall. This is not to say, unhappily, that all the English contributions to this volume are invariably better.

The complex totality of facts about the Middle Eastern situation to-day admits of no such simplifications. But it is certain that the balance, as between Western interest and Soviet interest, is by no means wholly one-sided. It is even possible that the future of the Middle Eastern peoples lies with themselves. It is unlikely that the formation of the United Arab Republic under Colonel Nasser is a development wholly welcome to the Soviet government, any more than the creation of a Balkan Federation under Tito would have been. It is hard to believe that the Western oil companies will not eventually be able to work out a new *modus vivendi* with the oil-producing countries, given that the economic interests of both (and of them alone) are complementary. From the Western point of view, the problem of the Middle East can be regarded as, in the last analysis, a problem of psychological adjustment: an exceedingly difficult, multifarious, and intractable problem, but certainly not ultimately insoluble. It is good to see the problem being thoughtfully and patiently tackled. For those who have to grapple with it, Mr. Laqueur's book should, with a few exceptions, be required reading, and re-reading, and re-reading.

C. M. Woodhouse

Adolescence and Maturity

Special Friendships. By Roger Peyrefitte. *Secker and Warburg.* 18s.

The Monkey Puzzle. By Veronica Hull. *Barrie.* 13s. 6d.

On The Road. By Jack Kerouac. *André Deutsch.* 15s.

The Director. By Alan Thomas. *Gollancz.* 15s.

All but the last of this month's novels deal in one way or another with the problems and attitudes of youth: the feeling of being alone in a crazy, indifferent world; the need for love. *Special Friendships* was published in France in 1945 but has only now been translated into English (excellently, so far as I am competent to judge) by Edward Hyams. It is described on the dust-cover as a "classic study of adolescence" and as a "haunting and ambiguous study." Whenever a novel is called a study, I get suspicious: somebody is usually trying to hide something. In this case, it is the fact that the French are still trying to catch up with that lonely nonconformist, Gide; while we in England have by now accumulated a fairly considerable literature of the kind to which this book belongs—adolescent romantic love mixed with adolescent religion. "I shall be incense-bearer at high mass. When I swing the censer towards your side it will be for you."

Special Friendships, though sensitively and often "beautifully" written, seemed to me a piece of old-fashioned professionalism, as sickly and Edwardian as a box of exclusive chocolate-creams. It stirred in me uneasy prep-school memories of *David Blaize*. I am sure the hot-house atmosphere of a high-class Catholic boys' school is accurately caught; all the same I found the book, with its squashy, poetic soft-centres, sticky going, and could hardly believe it was by the same author as *The Keys of St. Peter*.

The Monkey Puzzle takes us on to a slightly higher age-group, the present generation of English undergraduates. It's a picaresque first novel with a heroine instead of a hero, and I found it extremely fetching and original. Catherine Malley is a charming, kind, cheerful, touchingly vulnerable lapsed-Catholic. After failing in philosophy at London University (logical positivism is worked with remarkable skill into the very texture of the writing) she becomes a teacher at a private school where the senior housemistress is called Miss Potts (one of the best satirical passages in the book). She gets the sack because she is attractive and slapdash,

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tries to commit suicide, has a breakdown and goes into a mental hospital, though she is not mad. This is the centre on which the whole novel turns, the idea of a sane person in a mad world. After being sent from pillar to post in "normal" disciplined society, Catherine finishes up, neither bitter nor, praise be, angry, in the intellectual underworld. In the last part of the book there are some bits about Suez which read very post-Osborne; and occasionally Miss Hull seems a little too determined to be bright, like a highbrow Monica Dickens. But she has a genuine gift for comedy, both satire and slapstick, while beneath the light touch the orientation is both robust and sensitive. She is a natural writer and I look forward very much to her next novel.

"You're just a lot of infantile masturbators, you car drivers," says Catherine to one of her doctors when he is driving her in his large vulgar car. "Eternally frustrated because orgasm is the crash and the crash means death. You're in love with death, an attitude I could never tolerate." This admirable remark might have served as the fly-leaf quotation for *On The Road*, an American novel which has received a good deal of publicity of the "Outsider" sort. I won't pretend I found it entirely unreadable, but then I like reading and will read almost anything. It's about rebels without cause, mixed-up kids, though the cinematic adventures of the James Dean crowd were rather more expurgated than those of Dean Moriarty, Mr. Kerouac's hero, who lives mainly for what he calls "kicks": *i.e.*, sex, food, drink, drugs, and fast cars (cf. Sagan, though the income-groups are different). Dean and his pals spend most of their time rushing backwards and forwards across America, and much of this book is a glorified travelogue. Mr. Kerouac writes like a poster-artist of the old school, in crude, slapped-on primary colours. His "Method" lacks all subtlety and precision, and what is in his characters is not life but the jerking, galvanic activity of marionettes. His dialogue is practically non-existent, though there are a number of monologues by Dean which are a string of repeated clichés—dig, cool, gone, etc., which I found irritating after a while. There is no development, and although the prose is obviously meant to be pretty hot stuff it is lacking in all wit, irony, objectivity, or sympathy, and for all its torrent of words is about as expressive as a series of neanderthal grunts.

This novel is supposed to express the "philosophy" of the "beat" generation, the rootless post-war drifters. But you can't lay on philosophy from the outside with a trowel, which is what Mr. Kerouac does with his repeated catch-phrases of which the most frequent and presumably the most significant is "we know time"; but this seems to have no more meaning than the password of a "gang." Nor, apparently, are the "beat generation" interested in art or literature, though Wolfe and Proust are each, I think, mentioned once. The main influence on Mr. Kerouac, by the way, doesn't seem to be Wolfe, but Old Man Big Sur himself. Some of the descriptions of scenery in *On The Road* have a certain power, though they do not rise to the level of *The Colossus of Maroussi*. I should think that, if he knocked out all that "beat" stuff, Mr. Kerouac might write quite a brilliant book about America: his strong points are movement, colour, and things, the sense of rushing through a museum of materialism. But if he wants to write about ideas and people (*i.e.*, novels), perhaps he should settle down for a while in the petrified forest and re-read *The Catcher in the Rye*, just re-issued in Penguin Books. Salinger's classic belongs to the legendary age (was it really only seven years ago?) when American novels were better than English ones. With its penetration, its wit, its sensitivity, and its humanity, it has more in common with *The Monkey Puzzle* than with *On The Road*, which marks, I am afraid, a decline into barbarism.

The Director takes us on to the problems of maturity, worried middle-aged men in the corridors of power. That much—and indeed a lot more—you can't help gathering from the dust-cover. Can nothing be done to stop Mr. Gollancz from summarising in detail the plots of his books, and also reviewing them, all over the outside? But if you throw away the jacket before you start, you'll find the actual book very well worth reading. Behind the setting—a security-ridden Government research station—lurks the grey eminence of C. P. Snow; and Mr. Thomas has the same kind of seriousness, the same flat, deliberately undistinguished style, which says exactly what he wishes to give away, no less and certainly no more. But Mr. Thomas is in some ways a simpler and more human writer than Sir Charles: his interest lies in the effect of public life on private life, not the other way round. His narrative has a strong undercurrent of faith. His treatment of persons (never personnel) is less devious, less laborious, than Sir Charles'. Some of his minor characters are rather conventional, two-dimension figures: but the Director himself, Edward Seton, is most convincingly drawn: modest, kindly, genuinely self-effacing. This, by the way, is a third-person story, not a first-person one, which may partly explain why Mr. Thomas has found it easy to resist the temptations this kind of book offers to over-analysis and special pleading. He accepts moral dilemmas as the normal condition of English life at the upper-managerial level, as in

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fact they are. They do not, for him, demand explanation in terms of the hero's past.

The resolution, which the publishers do have the grace not to reveal, is completely convincing within the emotional framework of the book. Mr. Thomas is very successful in conveying the way in which decision is in actuality partly a social matter, the clash of temperament with circumstance. It isn't so much a matter of doing the right thing, whatever that is, but of doing something which shall not make the future meaningless, which shall give a chance to choose again, whether for better or for worse. This is the essence of maturity, and the lesson of this sane, sober book.

K. W. Gransden

A New Design for Living?

America as a Civilization: Life and Thought in the United States To-day. By MAX LERNER. *Cape.* 50s.

AMERICAN civilisation is amorphous enough for its interpretations—like those of a Rorschach blot—often to tell us more about the interpreter than about his subject. (When the interpreter identifies himself with his subject as much as Mr. Lerner does, we get something like a Rorschach blot interpreting itself.) The impression of America is further blurred in this book because Mr. Lerner makes amorphousness America's main virtue, lack of definition the very ethos of its civilisation. He was abetted by some 150 authorities—and this *apologia pro domo nostra* does read as though it were written by a committee. I am sorry to say that all this teamwork, which helped write a meandering book, has not always led to exactness, despite its immense assemblage of detail. At least, those details I checked were often incorrect—but, to be sure, these were necessarily few and I selected those that aroused my suspicions.

The subject of the book remains elusive; but it may be located, nonetheless, somewhere between the Beards' *The Rise of American Civilisation* and David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*. Much of it is comment on recent history or, more often, on books thereon. However, America's natural resources and the economic, political, and social system are lengthily discussed and American character, art, sex, and foreign policy are not skimped—although at times the distribution of emphasis is odd: *e.g.*, 14 pages on "God and the Churches" and 10 pages on jazz. Unlike the Beards or Riesman, Mr. Lerner does not bring to light new facts or shed new light on relationships among known facts. He offers journalism distinguished by diligence more than by originality and interpretative power.

Mr. Lerner has consulted nearly all the best authorities—as well as some doubtful ones. Despite (or because) of this, the subject remains so unreal that one feels as though the author, an American, had never lived in America. He discusses his country as a man might discuss children after over-conscientious consumption of Spock and Gesell; myriad newspaper columns have crowded out actual experience. In this respect—and in some others—Mr. Lerner's book is as representative (via the pathetic fallacy) as it is undescriptive and unanalytic: many Americans—particularly among the urban middle classes for whom Mr. Lerner usually writes—spend their time not so much in living as in reading about and in manipulating their lives (and their children) according to the latest precepts.

Kindness is another characteristic Mr. Lerner shares with his subject. He is hospitable to a fault, to the point of presenting—and nearly taking—almost every side and appearing to be on all of them, i.e., nowhere. Since he raises so many counterpoints, nearly every point in the end becomes pointless, and the reviewer, half-suffocated in the pudding of facts and opinions heaped on him, has to do what the author did not do: distil the views to be re-viewed. Usually Mr. Lerner's fugues are strung out over pages. But here is a sample contained in one paragraph.

"The response of Americans to the ageing process is varied.... Robert Havighurst... believes that 'the age period from sixty to seventy-five... is actually a good deal happier than the period of adolescence.' This does not jibe with my own impressions, nor with what we know about the strong major currents that flow through the life history of the American; yet it is good to have this counter-emphasis to balance the prevailing pessimism about this period of American life."

Mr. Lerner is characteristically keen on "balancing" things. This metaphor taken from mechanics has no meaning in the context in which he uses it, except to indicate that he dimly realises that the views presented are inconsistent without his troubling to say so or to make up his mind. In place of analysis, a variety of opinions, data, and speculations are strung together to look like it.

Mr. Lerner's eclecticism, too, is a common American trait. But if the resulting intellectual stylelessness is representative, Mr. Lerner has defeated his major point: that America has a

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distinctive "civilisation." for stylelessness is not itself a style. And we Americans have not created a distinctive style of furniture, fashion, painting, historiography, thinking, war-making, or producing.* Rather, we have contributed to *the* modern *international* style, adoption of which is a function of the degree of industrial advancement: it is no more American than it is Australian. Can one read Georg Simmel's analysis of money or urbanism, which is based on observations in Germany, without realising (as Simmel did) that he was describing an international phenomenon, no more German than American? I am tempted to consider the need for university departments of American Civilisation felt by Mr. Lerner and others as *prima facie* evidence against the existence of the subject. There may be departments of French or American or ancient civilisation in, say, English Universities. But of English civilisation? What are the historians, social scientists, and humanists supposed to be doing? Isn't the American need for reassurance suspect?

Of course we have distinctive folkways, social structures, etc. But this is not what Mr. Lerner means, if I understand him. He himself defines a civilisation as "a distinctively etched style of life historically shaped and recognised by self and others as a new design for living." Justifying further his view of America as a "Civilisation," Mr. Lerner explains: "When a culture—which is the set of blueprints for a society—has grown highly complex and has cut a wide swath in history and in the minds of men, one looks for a term more highly charged with the overtones of these meanings. 'Civilisation' is such a term." The idea here seems as vague as the syntax. Elsewhere, however, Mr. Lerner says: "America is... one of the great distinctive civilisations of history... ranking with Greece and Rome." And "the great themes of the Renaissance and Reformation are fulfilled in American archetypal modern man." But who is the archetypal American Renaissance-Reformation man? President Eisenhower? Mr. Lerner? Elvis Presley? Edward R. Murrow? Mrs. Roosevelt? Liberace? Henry Ford, jun.? Norman Vincent Peale? I find no Renaissance or Reformation types (not to speak of the combination which is hard even to imagine). Do we really have an amoral individualistic élite audaciously bent on perpetuating itself through arms, art, splendour, power, nobility, and glory? My impression had been that the themes of security, teamwork, comfort, morality, popularity, equality, gregariousness, and utility prevail.

Mr. Lerner is eager to prove that America is a success. This eagerness—again quite representative—must have prompted the insistence on America as a distinctive civilisation. For Mr. Lerner finds it hard to praise our real achievements unrestrictedly—after all, no liberal likes being caught praising American enterprise, generosity, and other old-fashioned virtues. Hence, instead of extolling our magnificent economic and social achievements, purchased as they are at a high cultural cost, Mr. Lerner paradoxically praises our cultural and criticises our socio-economic achievement—though, of course, in his usual balanced way. In this he continues liberal folklore, but cannot avoid major errors.

The impression left by Mr. Lerner's discussion of income and property is that though perhaps the distribution did not become more unequal (or perhaps not much), it also is not more equal than it was. And corporations are getting bigger though perhaps balanced by unions. This balancing is more cryptic than ever; surely Mr. Lerner does not mean that unions help establish the economist's equilibrium price, which clears the market? I am at a loss, but must add in fairness that Mr. Lerner is by no means alone in using the balancing act to avoid having to find out what's what. There is no direct mention of the fact that the government acts as senior partner in all corporations, getting 50 per cent of the profits. Indeed, I cannot recall any discussion of taxes: it would be hard to explain progressive income taxes while insisting that the poor are powerless unless Mr. Lerner wishes to credit the generosity of the rich—which is unlikely and would be false.

In 1953, Simon Kuznets published his "Shares of Upper Income Groups in Income and Savings." He proved that from 1929–1946 these dropped by between 50–65 per cent. Mr. Lerner does not mention Kuznets' work. In 1954, Goldsmith, Jaszi, Kaitz, and Liebenberg found that between 1941–50 the income of the lowest fifth of all families had risen in real terms 63 per cent, that of the second quintile 47 per cent, the third 29 per cent, the fourth 22 per cent, and the highest quintile 13 per cent. In short, the income of the lowest income group in America rose nearly five times as much as that of the highest—and the trend was analogous throughout the income-distribution structure. Mr. Lerner has a right to disagree with the findings of these economists. He may have reason for dissent. What troubles me is that he doesn't mention any. If these findings are correct, the impression Mr. Lerner's discussion left with me is not.

* Incidentally, Mr. Lerner is wrong in asserting "there is no exactly parallel word in the European languages for the sense in which Americans use 'productivity.'" A word derived from the same Latin root is used in exactly the "American" sense in the principal European languages.

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Mr. Lerner wonders at some length whether upward social mobility has diminished. The impression given is that it probably has. There is no mention of the work of S. M. Lipset and Natalie Rogoff on these questions. Yet this work was available and, again, widely publicised. C. Wright Mills' later work is discussed. Now again, Mr. Lerner has every right to disagree with Rogoff and the many others who have thrown doubt on the ideas in vogue among liberals between 1920–50. But can he simply ignore their data? I have no doubt that Mr. Lerner is honest: he misleads his readers no more than himself; but he misleads both too much.

Ernest van den Haag

Bits about Books

Granite and Rainbow. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. *Hogarth*. 18s.

England's on the Anvil. By JOHN RAYMOND. *Collins*. 18s.

THESE two books have much in common. Each is a gathering-up of periodical essays. Mrs. Woolf's is an unexpected supplement to the five volumes (three of them posthumous) of her criticism already published: its contents, previously overpassed through having appeared unsigned or no record having been kept of their publication, have been rescued from such sources as *The Athenæum*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Bookman*, and the *New York Herald Tribune* by the devoted combings of two American lady researchers. Mr. Raymond's are almost all from the "Books in General" series of *The New Statesman*, of which he is, of course, assistant literary editor. Each inhabits a world largely composed of books. In Mr. Raymond's case indeed it might be said that he knows books —and his reading is wide, curious, and sympathetic—as most of us know people: he is on back-slapping or Christian-name terms with them, he is very conscious of their ways and graces, one might guess that the principal sources of his emotional life derive from them. Virginia Woolf knows them at least as intimately; she would not slap their backs, for she has too much sense of the inherent dignities and dues of both books and persons, but she is just as aware of their livingness and independence, of the way they may be turned to, for laughter to be shared with them, or for their shoulders to be wept on.

But in the matter of purpose, and consequently in the tone of their approaches to literature, for all the superficial similarity there are profound differences. Mr. Raymond's concern is almost wholly to amuse. He is to provide literary relaxation for tired libs-labs exhausted by yet another week's cataloguing of Britain's crimes against everybody everywhere and in all situations. His subjects are usually "safe"—dead or Establishment or both: Pope, Johnson, Gibbon, Rutherford, Acton, Kipling, Buchan, Maugham. He does not usually say much, or at any rate nothing over-penetrating, about the book he is handling; but he is eminently able to compare it, or bits of it, with bits of other books, and these other books with yet others, so that a coherent, if possibly trivial, mosaic is constructed. He compares but he does not create; nor, in spite of a few malevolently intended kidney-punches, does he destroy for that matter —he has not the weight for it. These remarks should be taken as description rather than definition: "Books in General" are intended to be discursive essays rather than workaday reviewing on the one hand or seriously constructive criticism on the other. The present writer for one certainly confesses that he was both amused and instructed by many of these pieces, and would not wish to sound ungrateful.

Where Mr. Raymond may be felt to err, on the other hand, is in his estimate of his own liveliness and heterodoxy. "What assertions," cries the "feed" in Lucian's dialogue, "all surprising and none moderate. But say your say neverthe-

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less"—the quotation appears no fewer than three times: upon the blurb, upon the title page, and in the author's foreword. Alas for self-knowledge, the actual assertions could hardly be more tame and predictable. It is not surprising and immoderate, for instance, to entitle your bit about Evelyn "Portrait of a Humbug"; it is, rather, smug and knowing—knowingness is indeed apparently for the average weekly reviewer the essential and most desirable characteristic of his projected *persona*. It is also, incidentally, profoundly impercipient, and so profoundly unjust.

With Mrs. Woolf, however, the purpose of her reading is altogether different. She wishes, not to compare and to contrast, but to enquire; to understand, therefore, to discover; and as a result of her understandings and discoveries, to project. This is especially evident in the long *Phases of Fiction* (some fifty pages of it) that is the best and most important of these *trouvailles*. She approaches the novel as a novelist. An engineer approaches an engine in much the same manner: to apprehend the principles with a view to subsequent modification and re-employment. She is very conscious of standing herself at a certain critical point in a splendid but difficult tradition. Occasionally she too far relaxes her intellectual control, unsteered sensibility gains the upper hand, and she subsides into what one may call mere Woofl. Anything else is hardly to be expected of ephemeral belles-lettres. But such occasions are uncommon; remarkably so in what is after all a snapping-up of unconsidered trifles. For very much the greater part, in fact, there is something *going on*. She is creating. She is considering the past, not as something done with and pigeonholeable, but as pregnant with possibilities for the future. Her work is, above all, never parasitic and never sterile.

With this, naturally, goes a difference of tone, of attitude. Virginia Woolf is not knowing, though she is devastatingly knowledgeable. She is sincere. She is detached, but she is immensely caring. She can hate—she lacerates poor Marie Corelli. She can despise, and end a notice with

> It is curious to find, after writing the above sentence, how little one is ashamed of being, where literature is concerned, an unmitigated snob.

She can sit on a high, patrician, bas-bleu, metropolitan horse, as when she dismisses the young Hemingway as, in effect, a damn colonial. But she does not sneer. And (what in the contemporary reviewer might be thought to be the one sin wholly unforgiveable) she is always wholly—intensely—dedicatedly—uncompromisingly—serious.

Hilary Corke

About Our Authors

Lawrence Kitchin was born in 1913. Educated Botham School, York and King's College, London. Trained for the stage at the Central School and acted in plays and in films. After 5½ years' Army service became a radio script writer. Has reported cricket and Association football for *The Observer* and been a frequent contributor on arts subjects to *The Times*, also contributor to *Sight and Sound*.... The Rt. Hon. Hilary Adair Marquand, M.P. for East Middlesbrough, was born in Cardiff fifty-six years ago. He was a State Scholar at University College, Cardiff, and is a graduate of the University of Wales. He entered Parliament in 1945 and was a Minister throughout Mr. Attlee's government. He is a member of the Assemblies of the Council of Europe and of Western European Union. His article on Kenya of course expresses his personal views.... Ernest Van Den Haag is on the faculty of New York University. His review, in a rather different form, will be published in the *American Sociological Review*.... The article by Yves Bonnefoy, "Critics—English and French," which appeared in our July issue, was translated by Kathleen Nott.

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FICTION

The Enemy — TIBOR MERAY

Placed in command of his department and told that among his staff is an Enemy whom he must unmask, Comrade Nemeth falters. Nevertheless, by sacrificing all human decency, he brings four innocent people to misery and ruin before he spots the Enemy in a fifth and most surprising candidate, a success which brings him to the verge of suicide. Admirers of James Hogg's *Memoirs of a Justified Sinner* will be delighted with the curious parallels in Meray's keen and spare satire on man's predicament in the face of the God-State.
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The Sycamore Tree — CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE

Who does not recognise the Embankment pub where the Chelsea set meet to exchange "their well-rehearsed views on the Sunday morning papers"; or Howard Cutting of the *Sunday Supplement*, who never refuses an invitation; or Mr. Truelove who liked to publish Gael Jackson's novels to add tone to "his otherwise fairly middlebrow list"? Deeply serious, yet cynical as the limerick from which it takes its title, THE SYCAMORE TREE is written with a barbed wit. It will be enjoyed and treasured by readers of both Wolfenden and Wittgenstein.
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GENERAL

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